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THE SPHERE, JULY 26, 1941
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXVI No. 2166 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 26 1941

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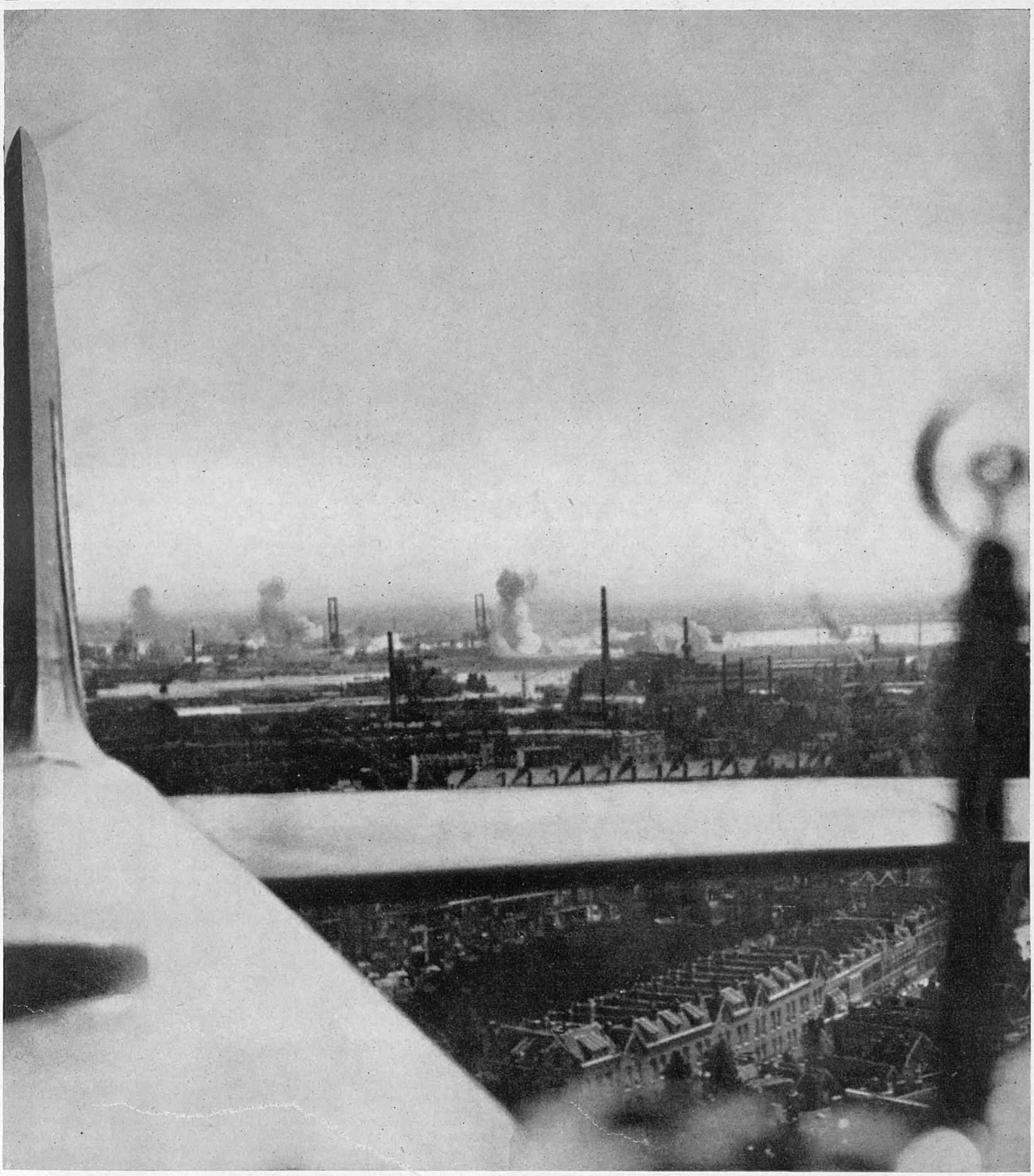
Volume CLXVI No. 2166 The SPHERE, London, July 26, 1941

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, July 26, 1941



THE DAYLIGHT ATTACKS OF THE R.A.F.: A WONDERFUL IMPRESSION OF THE DEVASTATING RAID ON SHIPPING AT ROTTERDAM ON JULY 16. ACTUALLY TAKEN FROM ONE OF THE PARTICIPATING AIRCRAFT

On this day, Blenheim aircraft of the Bomber Command, R.A.F., carried out a daring low-level attack upon a large concentration of German shipping in the Rotterdam Docks. As a result of the raid, seventeen ships, of an estimated tonnage of from 90,000 to 100,000 tons, were put out of action, whilst on land two warehouses and a factory were left in flames. Approaching their targets, the Blenheims flew low over Dutch territory in V formations ; this was evidently taken as the Victory symbol by the Dutch, who were seen to wave vigorously to the British crews as they swept in to the attack. The picture reproduced here was taken from one of the aircraft actually taking part in the attack : it shows British bombs bursting among the docks ; on the left is the Blenheim's tail, on the right a gun-sight, whilst below the aircraft is part of the city of Rotterdam. (*Further pictures on pp. 100-01 of this issue*)

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 99

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Allies Have a Turn.

—In the ding-dong of war we had in July to date the best of the round. Don't let us lower our guard. There are plenty of hard knocks to come to us, though I believe the K.O. on us has gone out in everybody's betting. Russian results have been throughout obscure. It is impossible with the best will in the world to believe the claims of either side. On one day Russia claimed 58 aircraft for the loss of 19, while Germany claimed 180 Russian for the loss of none! *No* claims of aircraft destroyed are accurate. Our claims clearly are nearest to the truth. On the Russian front, such claims are hardly worth attempting, when both sides can claim to be holding a big city without convincing anyone of the truth of such a claim. But from this fog of war one thing emerges clearly. In the first month of the fighting the Nazi hopes and expectations were utterly routed. They lost in men and material and petrol, and, above all, in time, more than they could possibly afford for two more months on the same scale. What they have gained it is difficult for us or their own people to comprehend. Their military leaders may be satisfied with the positions attained for the next jump. Russia has struck a tremendous blow for our cause. Meanwhile, we have taken a big toll of Nazi war industries. We have ceaselessly hammered Western Germany and occupied territory night and day, and doubtless lost more air personnel in doing it than the enemy. But the damage done and the moral ascendancy added to the R.A.F. make the price (compared with the last war) amazingly cheap. In the Battle of the Atlantic we have had a favourable phase also. Mr. Alexander admitted we had sunk a lot of U-boats. And to-day it is no secret that this is largely due to the present inability of the Nazis to train submarine crews anything like quick enough. These U-boats are now going to sea against our ever-strengthening destructive powers with half- and even quarter-trained crews. It is very significant—and has its historical parallel in the late war (period, end of 1917). Finally, aeroplane output from America exceeded all expectations, and the goods were delivered with an unexpectedly low average of loss. Add the happy settlement of the Syrian affair after a month's fighting with light casualties; the strengthening of our resources in men and tanks on the Egyptian-Libyan border and in the Near East as a result of mopping-up Abyssinia and open sea-routes from America and India; the huge damage inflicted on Axis shipping; and the renewed hammering of Italian industrial centres. We have had a good phase indeed, and it must help us to view coming setbacks in right proportion.

Bombs Brighter and Bigger.

—More than 150,000 tons of German shipping "liquidated" in a single day! Nearly 120,000 tons liquidated in a single raid, and not a very long one! That surely is the business. That is our answer in the Battle of the Atlantic, our punch in the economic war, our best and most vital aid in the Great Battle of the East on Russia's behalf. We have knocked Nazi war industries hard and daily for five weeks, but that superb raid on Rotterdam put the lid on it, and must rank as a war blow with Taranto. What, I wonder, will be the tonnage total of Axis shipping destroyed in July to set beside the figures of our tonnage destroyed by the enemy? Proportionately estimated, that 150,000 tons represents a slice of available Axis shipping equal to at least 750,000 tons taken from us—or more. On that proportionate estimate, our July toll of Nazi shipping will certainly exceed the danger margin for the Nazis, and give them furiously to think. The risks of a battle on two fronts have swiftly been revealed to Hitler. The Furies are haunting his pillow, and in the Thieves' Kitchen the chief gangsters have their knives out, and are stabbing each other in the back. The German railways are cracking, the Channel ports are a liability rather than an advantage to the Nazis; the coastwise routes are death-traps; the enslaved people are raising their heads; and the sound and sign of Victory taps and looms louder and larger.

A Deputy Führer?

—Hess was once Deputy Führer, and it does not perhaps "sound right" that we should urge that a selected man should hold such a post in England, as deputy to Mr. Churchill. Nevertheless, public opinion grows that a man bearing the weight of responsibility which Mr. Churchill bears, should delegate some of his responsibilities (with which he really has no time to deal) to some deputy known to the public to have been nominated *ad hoc* by the Premier, if not "nominated as his successor." The Premier to-day possesses dictatorial powers without precedent in our political history since Cromwell. These powers have not been granted him by Parliament. They have grown round him by the accident of political personalities and by the will of the people, who like him, trust him and regard him as the only possible leader in this crisis of our fate. But war means dangerous living—strain and bombs make casualties of all sorts and conditions of men—and Mr. Churchill, though his abilities and energies be superhuman—is still subject to the bodily limitations of human beings. It is a terrible national risk that one man should mean so much in the cause of freedom. Yet to-day one looks in vain for any possible successor, should Mr. Churchill become a casualty. In his position he is very like a Commander-in-Chief in the field—General Wavell was an example in point. The Generalissimo's responsibilities are threefold—the "A," or strategy side, the "Q," or administrative side, and the political side, covering relations with the home and foreign Governments. It proved impossible for General Wavell to cope with all these responsibilities, even though, as in Army practice, so much of the "Q" side is delegated to a Quartermaster-General and much of the political side is covered by experienced and high officers attached to the General Staff.

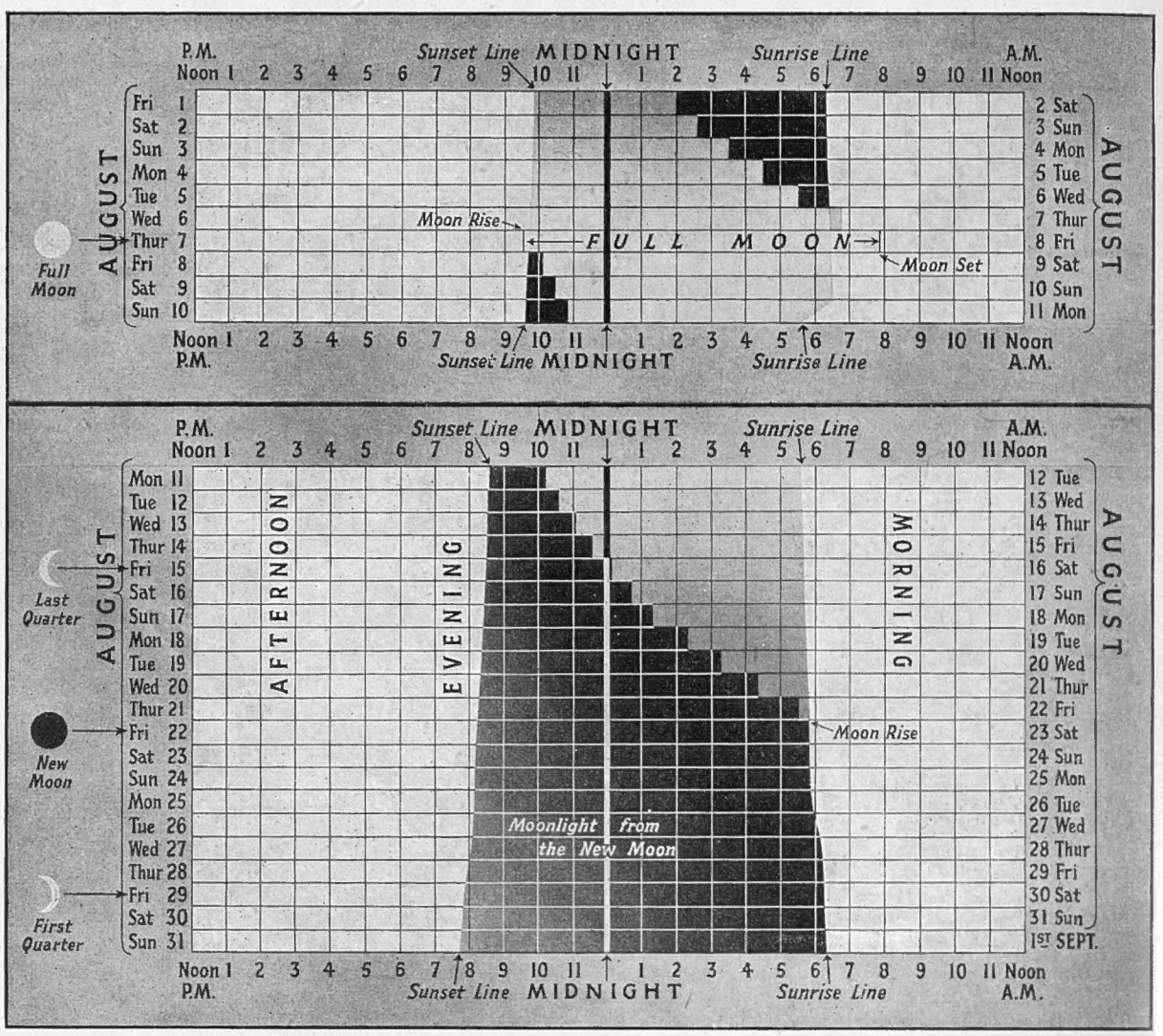
Analogy of General Wavell.

—The public sees in Mr. Churchill a generalissimo attempting to do the appalling business of running a nation at war without a second-in-command, without a Quartermaster-General, with no adequate staff of political advisers, and with half his plans and projects locked in his own brain and unknown to the unfortunate who might have to succeed him. It is natural and inevitable, by the very nature of the Premier and by the urgency of war, that Mr. Churchill should be greatly preoccupied with naval, military and air strategy and should therefore have far too little time at his disposal to examine and test the efficiency of the administrative services and departments and the working of the political and diplomatic machinery. The failure of adequate control and supervision from the leader of the State is daily proved in the muddles of more than one administrative department. Complaints grow, and are sometimes justified. Every month the risk of some accident happening to Mr. Churchill increases, as his responsibilities and unshared secrets multiply. Because no possible substitute exists in public estimation, the need of finding, ear-marking and *training* such a successor grows daily more urgent. If that successor cannot be found in this island, he may be looked for in the great Dominions, and, if found, he should instantly be brought to England and trained up forthwith. It grows more and more urgent, as it grows more and more apparent, that Mr. Churchill should share his vast responsibilities more than he does at present, and by sharing them with one or more likely and possible successors, he will train up those successors to be able to carry on his mighty task, if any accident put him on the shelf. As things are, the "Q" side of our war effort falters too often from lack of supervision, and the country is naked to the chance of finding itself suddenly leaderless.

Weather (Passed by Censor).

—The clouds have released rain and the Censor has released the weather as a topic. My experience tells me we shall have rain in plenty for the rest of the summer. I may now make a note on the late drought which gave us a lot of anxiety. The year's rainfall up to the end of May was consistent and rather above the average, about 3 ins. per month. On June 10 there was a cold shower which brought the June total to 1·84. And then the tap was turned off. Not another drop fell until the thunderstorm of July 12 gave us the vitally-needed relief. For near five weeks we endured a lovely summer, with heavy dew but no precipitation of any sort, with a sun never more burning, and winds remarkably parching. Very light soils perhaps suffer less than weald clay from such visitations, but even so it was hard on the vegetables, and sad to see the beans withering and peas unable to swell. It was most anxious in the woods among the peat and the firs. Everyone with firs to sell is patriotically parting with them, but brush-wood fires are never safe to light in summer even after 2 ins. of rain, and with us, more than one fire so lit smouldered for several weeks and burst into flame at inconvenient times. Once ignited, nothing could put them out. The only precaution possible was the digging of a trench all round the burning area to the sand-level. Within the circle, they burned and smouldered and flared up week after week. It was a real relief to have them dowsed at last by a cloud-burst.

THE OLD STAGER.



"THE SPHERE" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR AUGUST

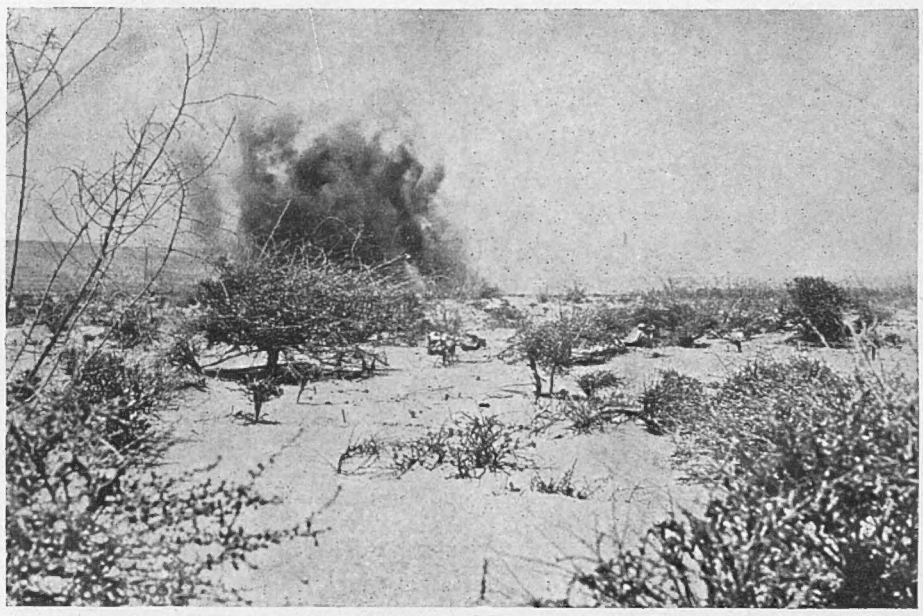
At the beginning of the month the hours of darkness are very few, the moon having already passed its first quarter stage. On the night of the 7th the full moon illumines the sky throughout the whole of the night, rising half an hour before sunset and setting an hour after sunrise. On the night of the 10th-11th Double Summer Time comes to an end and the clocks are put back one hour. In order to avoid confusion, a second chart is reproduced, starting from August 11. This shows the single Summer Time—i.e., one hour ahead of Greenwich Mean Time. The hours of darkness become gradually more as the moon wanes. The last quarter falls on the night of the 15th-16th. The new moon falls on the 22nd and a week later the faint rays of the first quarter become visible

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

PREPARING FOR THE ATTACK WHICH FORCED THE GERMANS TO DISCLOSE THEIR REAL STRENGTH AROUND TOBRUK : British troops advancing towards Hellfire Pass in the Sollum area : It was recently reported that British troops in the Western Desert had made a surprise penetration into the enemy's position as far as much-battered Fort Capuzzo. In order to stem the British forward movement German reinforcements were rushed up from the Tobruk area, and many counter-attacks followed. The British had then accomplished their object of forcing the Germans to disclose their real strength in this area : whereupon they withdrew, but not before heavy casualties had been inflicted upon the enemy. During their withdrawal to their forward positions, our troops brought back hundreds of prisoners with them

THE BRITISH SURPRISE ATTACK IN THE DESERT

THE BRIGADIER who was in charge of the operations explaining the plan of attack to some of his staff



AN ENEMY SHELL BURSTS CLOSE DURING THE OPERATIONS AROUND SOLLUM : A picture taken in the course of the fighting which forced the Germans to show their hand

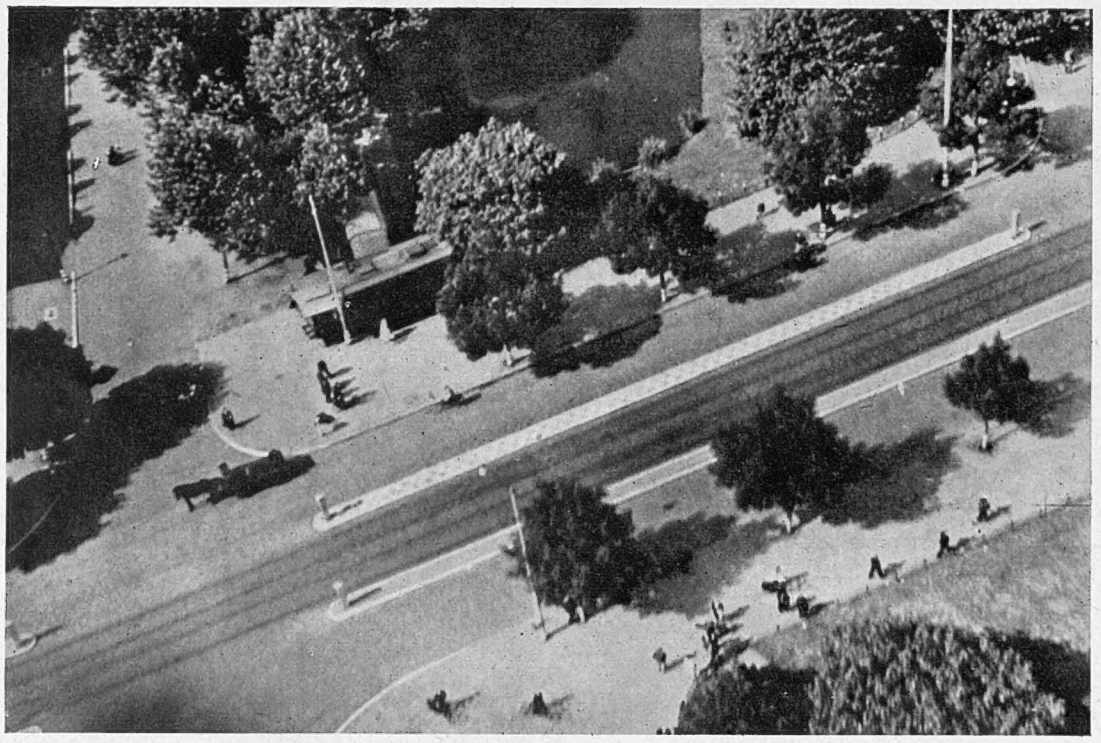
ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF A GERMAN PLANE : The still-smouldering wreckage of an aircraft brought down in the Western Desert

THE THREE MEMBERS OF A BRITISH TANK CREW : Small wonder they appear to be so cheery! These three men had just returned from battle with the Germans. They had destroyed sixteen enemy tanks and damaged many more

AFTER THE BATTLE : Three dejected Germans, all with top boots and sun glasses, brought in to the British lines near Sollum

The R.A.F.'s DAYLIGHT RAID on ROTTERDAM

Carried Out by Blenheim Aircraft of the Bomber Command, the Raid Resulted in the Destruction of 100,000 Tons of German Shipping

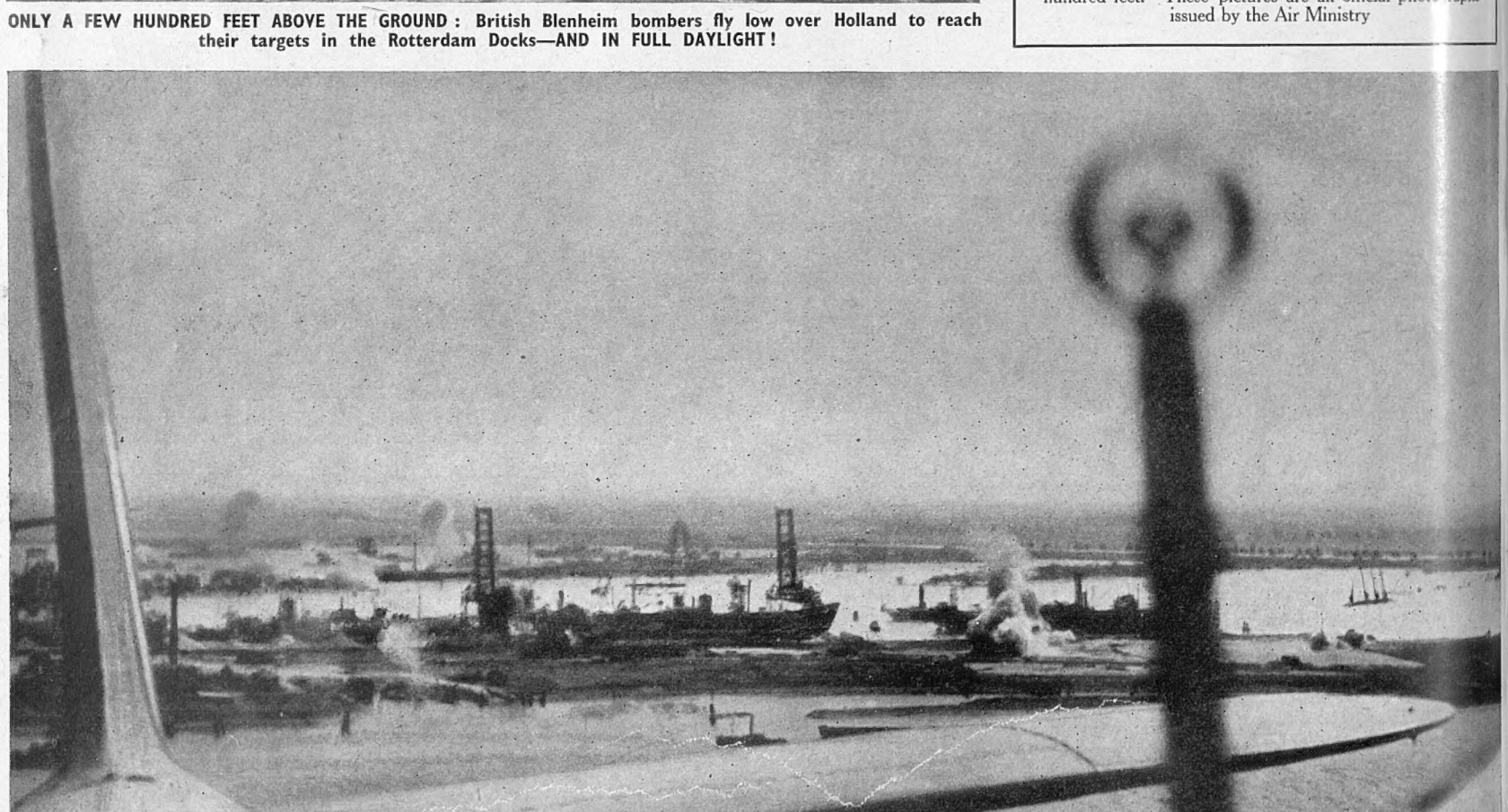


IN THE STREETS OF ROTTERDAM: Dutch civilians gaze up without fear as the Blenheims roar over the housetops in V formation for their concentrated attack on the nearby docks and German shipping

AFTER THE HEAVY ASSAULT ON ROTTERDAM DOCKS AND GE wake as they fly

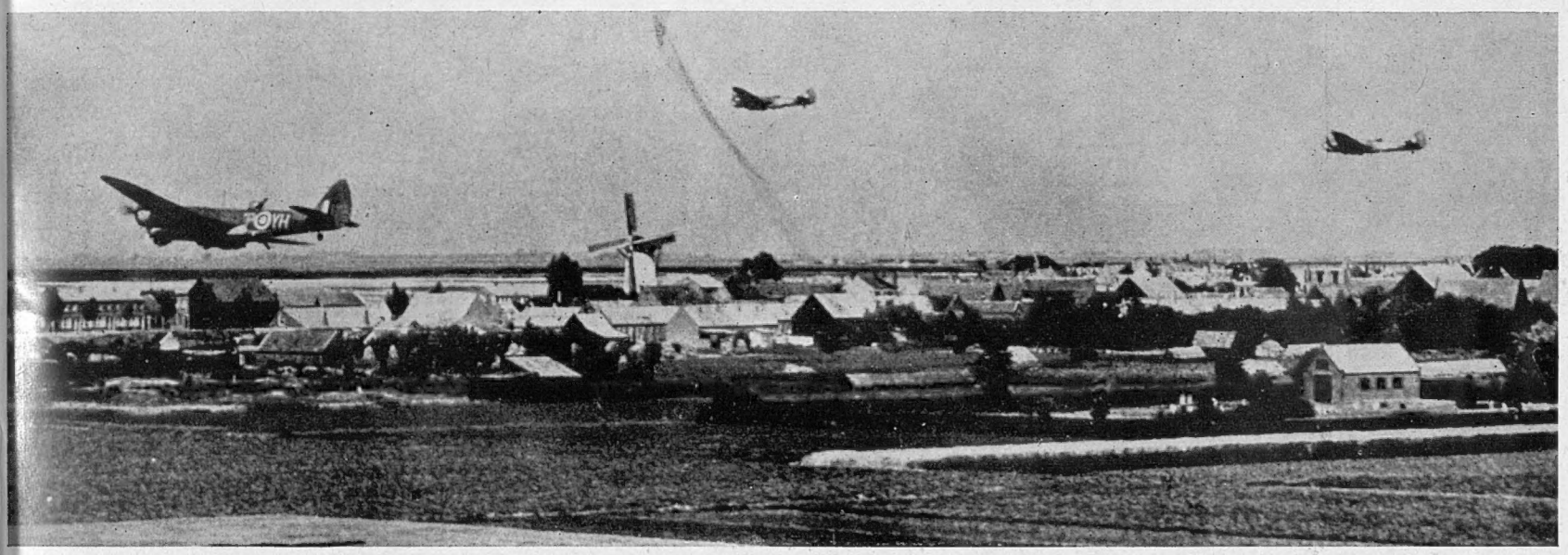
ONLY A FEW HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE GROUND: British Blenheim bombers fly low over Holland to reach their targets in the Rotterdam Docks—AND IN FULL DAYLIGHT!

The pictures reproduced on these pages (and on the frontispiece of this issue) were taken on July 16 during a very heavy attack on the dock area at Rotterdam. They indicate that British bombers are actually doing to enemy shipping what the Germans attempted to do here last autumn when they were prevented by the fighters of the R.A.F. To destroy from 90,000 to 100,000 tons of shipping was no mean feat: with her present shortage of merchantmen, coupled with the disorganisation of her internal communications, this was a very severe blow to Germany. It was an even greater blow to the pride of the *Luftwaffe*, who apparently cannot stand up to the R.A.F. as the latter withstood the *Luftwaffe* over Britain. The surprising thing about this raid was that it was carried out *in daylight* and from a height of only a few hundred feet. These pictures are all official photographs issued by the Air Ministry

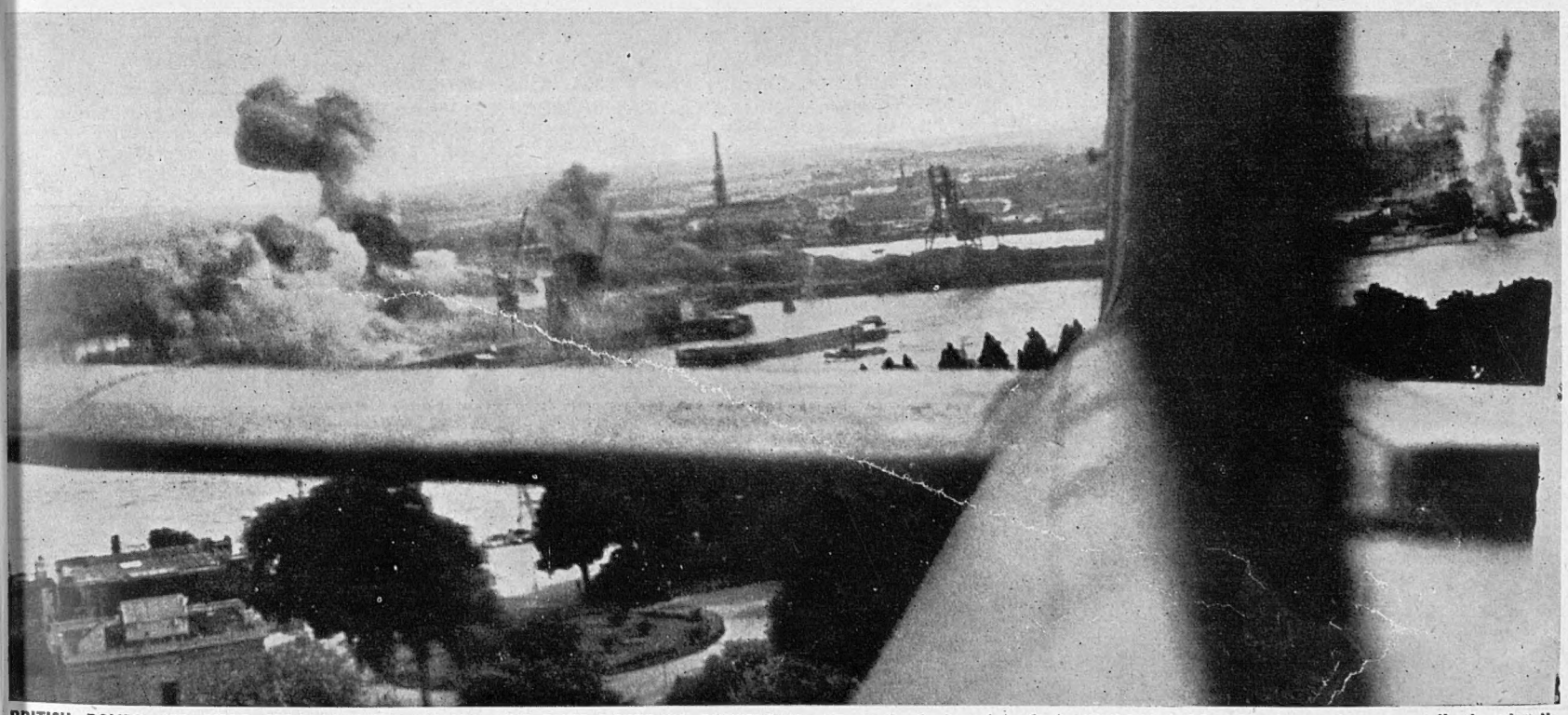


BRITISH AIRCRAFT PASSING OVER WAALHAVEN: In their wake are the bomb-bursts and fires caused by the R.A.F. bombers. The town was left untouched, but shipping in the harbours and warehouses nearby were very heavily attacked

GERMAN SHIPPING, WHEN SEVENTEEN VESSELS WERE PUT OUT OF ACTION ON JULY 16. The Blenheims leave the dock area with half-a-dozen fires blazing in their fly low over the Dutch city—And this was only one item in the R.A.F.'s steadily increasing offensive against Germany



OVER THE DUTCH VILLAGES AND TOWNS THE R.A.F. BOMBERS WERE ONLY A HUNDRED FEET OR SO ABOVE THE ROOFTOPS: The heavy attack on Rotterdam was carried out from a very low level and was entirely successful—as these pictures indicate!

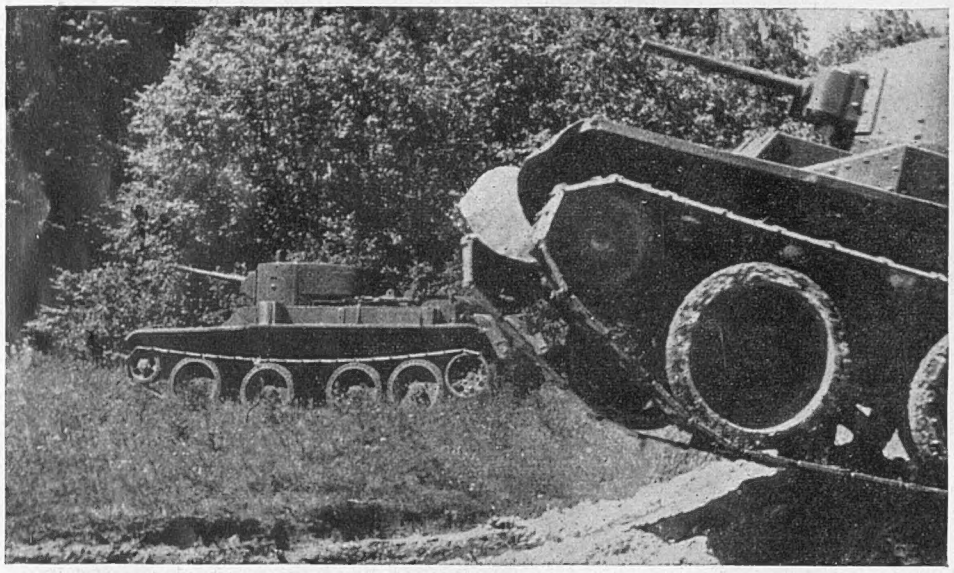


BRITISH BOMBS ARE HERE SEEN BURSTING WITHIN THE BUSY DOCKS OF ROTTERDAM: The tail of the aircraft is visible in this picture, and so are all the details of the Dutch dockland—cranes, factories, shipping, barges, etc.

The SOVIET ARMY of TO-DAY

ARMOURED CARS OF THE RED ARMY OF THE U.S.S.R. : It must be stressed that these vehicles are *not* tanks ; yet the size of gun carried in the turret is formidable, and the armour-plating protecting the crew appears very considerable. Apparently the Soviet Army has great numbers of these armoured cars

MEMBERS OF RUSSIA'S STRONG TANK CORPS : This is the type of new soldier evolved during years of preparation by the Soviet. The Red Army of to-day bears little resemblance to the ill-equipped Tsarist Army of 1914-17



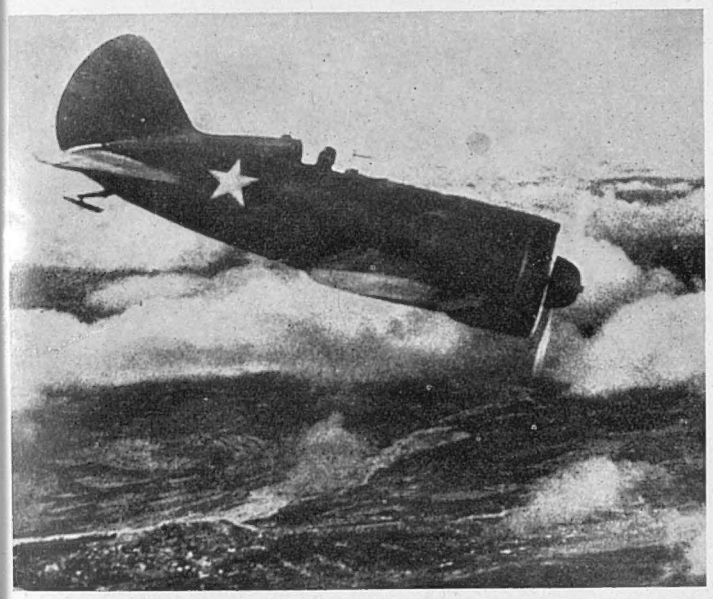
THESE MODERN TANKS HAVE ALREADY APPEARED IN BATTLE : Of a very modern type, and heavily armed, these tanks have already shown their fighting qualities against the German "Panzer" divisions. Apparently the mechanised strength of the Soviet has taken the Germans considerably by surprise !

CAVALRY OF THE SOVIET ARMY : This arm has already been in action against the Germans. The Russian tactic is to allow some enemy tanks to get through and then send in the cavalry to cut off the German infantry coming up in support in the rear

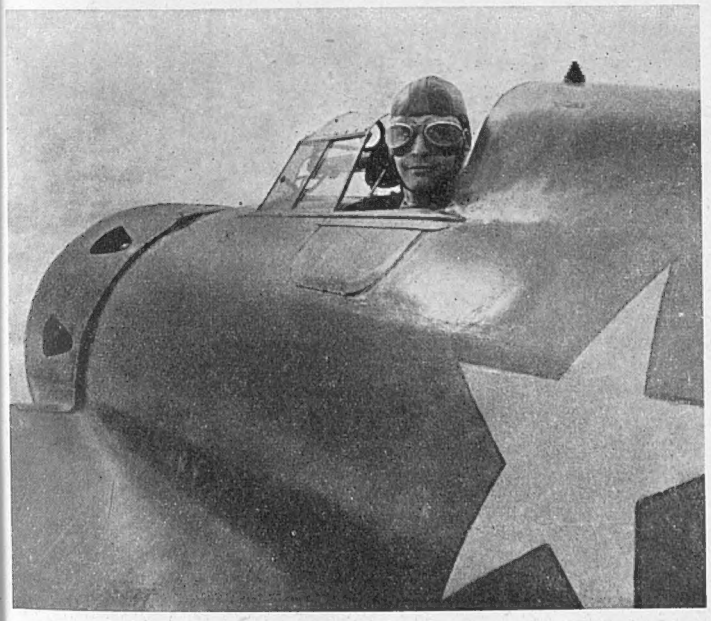
A GROUP OF SOVIET TANKS DURING MANŒUVRES : According to Russian claims, Germany has taken on a little more than she anticipated when she declared war on the Soviet. The real strength of the Red Army has not yet been disclosed ; but it is known that the Soviet is stronger than was expected

Pictures of the Men and Equipment Now Engaged in the Colossal Struggle Against Germany

PART OF THE COMPREHENSIVE TRAINING OF THE RED ARMY : As the vast territory of the Soviet is crossed by numerous rivers the surmounting of water obstacles has been carefully considered in the Red Army. This picture shows reconnaissance troops, specially equipped, crossing a river during their training



A SOVIET FIGHTER AIRCRAFT ON PATROL : The stubby little Rata single-seat monoplane which has already been in action



A SOVIET AIRMAN IN THE COCKPIT OF HIS MACHINE : The total strength of the Russian Air Force is not definitely known. The Rata shown above has a speed of above 280 m.p.h., a range of 500 miles and carries an armament of four machine-guns

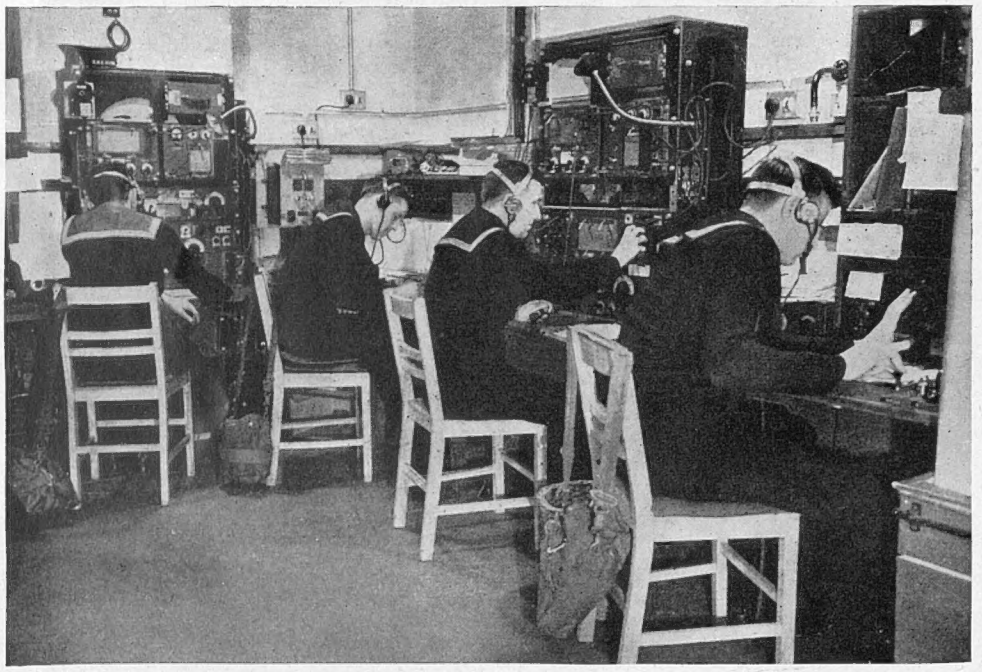
RUSSIAN ENGINEERS BRIDGING A RIVER DURING TRAINING : Using up-to-date equipment and wearing smart uniforms—in contrast to the shoddy materials of years gone by—the Russian soldier of to-day is well armed, well equipped and well trained. Many branches of the Red Army have been specially prepared for specialised work

SOVIET SOLDIERS CROSS A WATERWAY BY MEANS OF A RAFT—A PICTURE TAKEN DURING MANŒUVRES : The Germans have prided themselves on their up-to-date equipment. Pictures from Russia would indicate that the Russians, too, have a surprising number of modern appliances. They are, in fact, the originators of a number of new and revolutionary theories of warfare

THE CONVOY CONFERENCE TAKES PLACE AT HEADQUARTERS: The Captains of the Merchantmen which will form the next Convoy receive instructions concerning the route to be taken, and learn how their naval escort will protect them at sea

BATTLE of the ATLANTIC

How the Plan of Campaign is Worked Out Between the Admiralty and the Convoy Captains



THE WIRELESS ROOM, where signals are sent and received to and from ships in the Atlantic

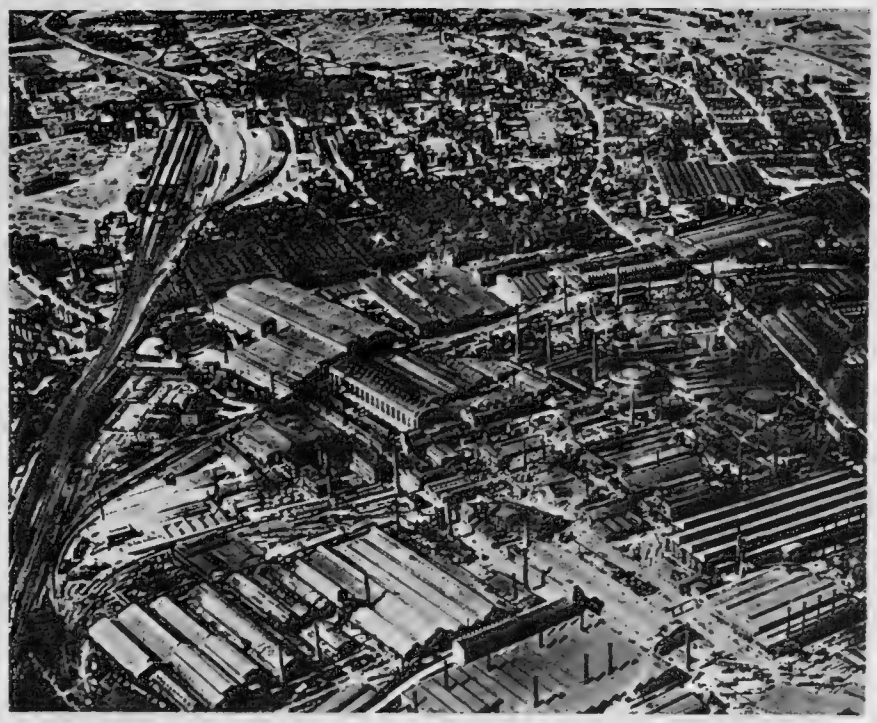
THE CHIEF OF STAFF, Commodore J. M. Mansfield, D.S.C., R.N.

Down below the ground, in secret warrens built of steel and concrete, is to be found the Headquarters of the directing force of one of the greatest struggles in Naval history—the Battle of the Atlantic. In the labyrinths, officers and men of the Royal Navy, Royal Naval Reserve and Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve work day and night—in close co-operation with the Royal Air Force. Beyond a strong steel door marked "Secret—No Admittance" is the Operations Room where, on a large map of the battle area pinned on the wall, all moves of this vast game of chess are studied. An adjoining room is the office of the Commander-in-Chief, and nearby rooms provide accommodation for the Admiral's staff, all playing their part in this great organisation. On the map in the Operations Room small flags and symbols are pinned, and at a glance the position of the campaign can be noted

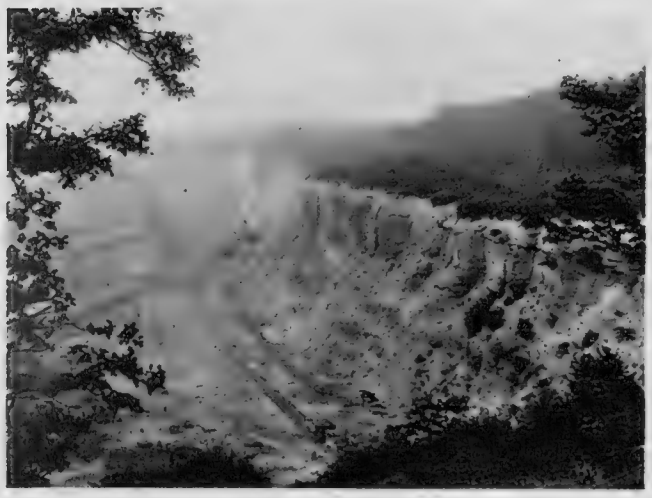
THE TELEPRINTER ROOM, showing a long line of teleprinter machines which transmit and receive signals from naval bases all over the country. "Wrens" are responsible for this important part in the organisation. Among the hundreds of signals tapped out by these machines each day, sometimes one tells of yet another U-boat sunk

THE PROBLEM OF GERMANY'S SUPPLY LINES: And How They Will Be Affected by the Present Campaign in Russia

Germany's Coal Industry is largely concentrated in the Saar: At Saarbrucken are vast coke ovens. This whole district is subject to continuous attack by the R.A.F.



Essen, at the very heart of Germany's war effort: A new aerial view of the Krupp's works and marshalling yards. The damage by bombing within this area has been reported to be terrific



The Great Sand-pit near Volklingen in the Saar: Throughout the occupation of parts of Germany after the last war, this was worked by the French

GERMANY'S VITAL LIFE-LINES, *Described by* ROBERT FINCH

IN his attack upon Russia Hitler has set himself a task which defeated a far greater war lord than he. Will he succeed where Napoleon failed?

For the first time in its career of blood and *blitzkrieg* the German war machine finds itself resolutely opposed by a powerful foe possessed of vast territory and enormous resources, and as well schooled in totalitarian discipline as Germany itself. The U.S.S.R. covers about one-seventh of the earth: its 180 millions of Soviet citizens inhabit a territory far larger than that of the German Reich and its slave States put together—a territory whose huge area and natural defences make it as invulnerable to absolute conquest by Germany as China is to complete defeat by Japan, if the Russians maintain their will to resist.

The Germans, at terrible cost, have cut their way across the Russian belt of "protective vassal States," and have launched their assault upon the so-called "Stalin Line" and Soviet territory proper. Further advance inevitably lengthens and weakens their lines of communication. Dumps prepared in anticipation of lightning thrusts against Russia are largely exhausted and too far in the rear; new dumps must somehow be established precariously in forward bases, which themselves must maintain contacts with the main sources of supply far back in Germany itself.

Russian railways use a different gauge from those in Germany and Western Europe, and through traffic between Germany and Russia is out of the question—there must be "transhipment" at frontier stations, all of which are obviously as vulnerable to determined bombing as any other point within bombing range of the Russian Air Force.

Russian roads, with a few notable exceptions, become loose and dusty in dry summer weather and unable to stand up to the terrific wear and tear of heavy motorised transport; in wet weather they become even worse, and mechanical transport is at a still greater disadvantage.

Already the Nazis are faced with graver dangers from guerilla warfare, sabotage and powerful pockets of resistance *behind* their own lines. The destruction of towns and villages, the blowing-up of dumps, munition trains and transport columns, organised defensive incendiarism that carries out effectively Stalin's "scorched earth" policy in every area overrun by the Nazis—all threaten German communications, exhaust German supplies, destroy every possibility of "living on the conquered territory," and menace the German armies with deadly stabs in the back.

The Nazis must ensure constantly-renewed supplies of men, munitions, machines, oil, food and innumerable stores of various kinds, in all of which wastage is heavy in war. They must be able to move them with certainty and expedition from centres of production in Germany to concentrations or dumps, and thence to any point within the sphere of operations.

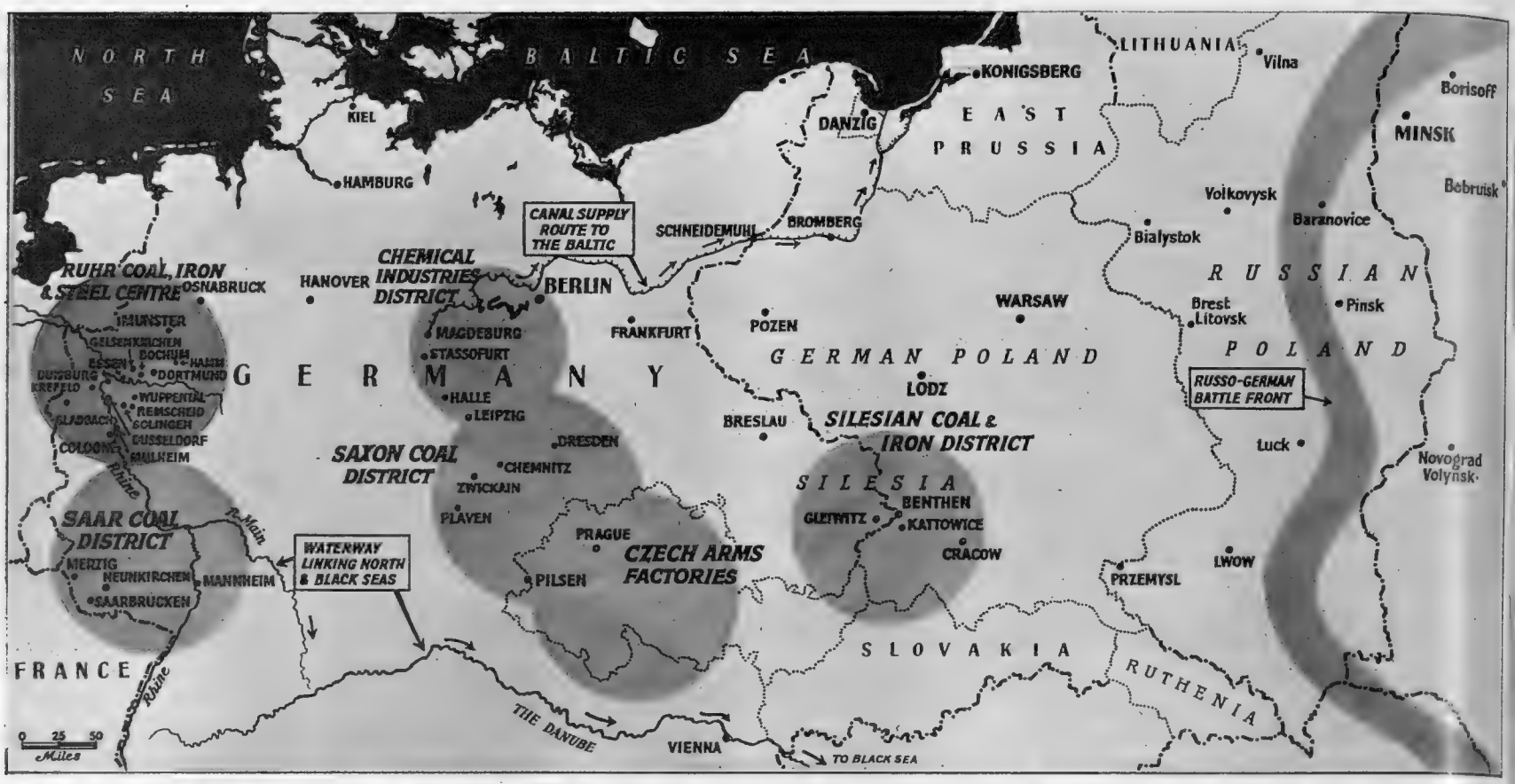
The chief war production centres of Germany—many of whose names have become "household words" to us from their constant repetition in reports of R.A.F. activities—are: (1) the manufacturing towns on the great German coalfields—the Ruhr, the Saar, the Saxon coalfield and the Silesian coalfield; (2) the great German ports (now sealed mouths to a starving body), where in the past, apart from shipbuilding, numerous other industries have developed owing to accessibility of raw materials

(Continued on following page)

At Dortmund: the blast furnace of the great Hoesch Iron and Steel Works—A spot many times visited and heavily bombed by R.A.F. aircraft

At Duisberg: the Niederrheinische Mines: From Duisberg to Dortmund there is practically one continuous town—all given over to heavy industries of the first importance to Germany in war-time

In Austria—the great terraces of the Erzberg: The Styrian Province has one tremendous asset for Germany. Near Eisenerz, in the Erzberg range, are these wonderful mines: consisting of solid iron ore, the terraces glitter in the sunshine with a rich brown glow that makes them appear as if they were made of polished copper



THE PRINCIPAL CENTRES OF PRODUCTION IN GERMANY—in relation to the new battle front

Germany's chief war production centres are stretched out across the whole width of the country from east to west in a manner which cannot be helpful to rapid supply of war material in the fighting zone. An enormous amount of ammunition, to take one war material only, must be required to supply the small arms, the tank guns and the artillery. Supplies were probably massed at Warsaw, Lodz and Cracow. These in turn have to be replenished from the actual production centres further west. The nearest is Silesia, partly in Germany and partly in recently-acquired Poland. Other supplies would come from the Czech arms factories which have been kept busy in the Pilsen and Prague districts. Northward of this area are the Chemnitz, Leipzig and Magdeburg chemical manufactories. Westward of the Saxon coalfield there is a belt of agricultural land before the highly-developed Ruhr and Saar districts are reached. Here in the extreme west of Germany is a mass of steel- and iron-works turning out all kinds of war material from the biggest guns and tanks to the smallest tommy guns. The railway system linking these areas with the east must be hard-pressed, and the restrictions on civilian travel are readily accounted for. It should be noted that these two most westerly areas contain the names Duisberg, Gelsenkirchen, Mannheim, Essen, Cologne, and others which have become familiar from R.A.F. bombing

(Continued from preceding page)

by sea and facilities for water and land transport; (3) other large cities with a perimeter of factories supplying aircraft, electrical equipment, scientific apparatus, and so forth—dependent upon a huge pool of local labour and adequate power from electricity; and (4) the secret places where munitions and other factories below ground or cunningly camouflaged have been built—some of which have not remained secret very long!

The Ruhr coalfield, a huge "black country" some 50 miles long and ten miles wide in the basin of the Ruhr tributary of the Rhine, with millions of workers in mines, factories, chemical works, machine shops and engineering works, has a larger output than any other in Europe. From Duisberg-Ruhrort on the Rhine to Dortmund on the Dortmund-Ems Canal there is practically one continuous town—or rather, "conurbation" (town-cluster). Essen, home of Krupp's, Gelsenkirchen, Bochum are there. Close by are Wuppental (Elberfeld-Barmen), Crefeld, München-Gladbach, Dusseldorf, and the steel and cutlery centres of Solingen and Remsched, all of which derive fuel and power from the Ruhr.

On or near the Saxon coalfield are Chemnitz, Plaauen, Zwickau, Dresden, Leipzig, and other towns. Important deposits of salts have established great chemical and other industries at Stassfurt, Hanover, Halle and Magdeburg in or near the big lignite field that stretches from Halle to Braunschweig.

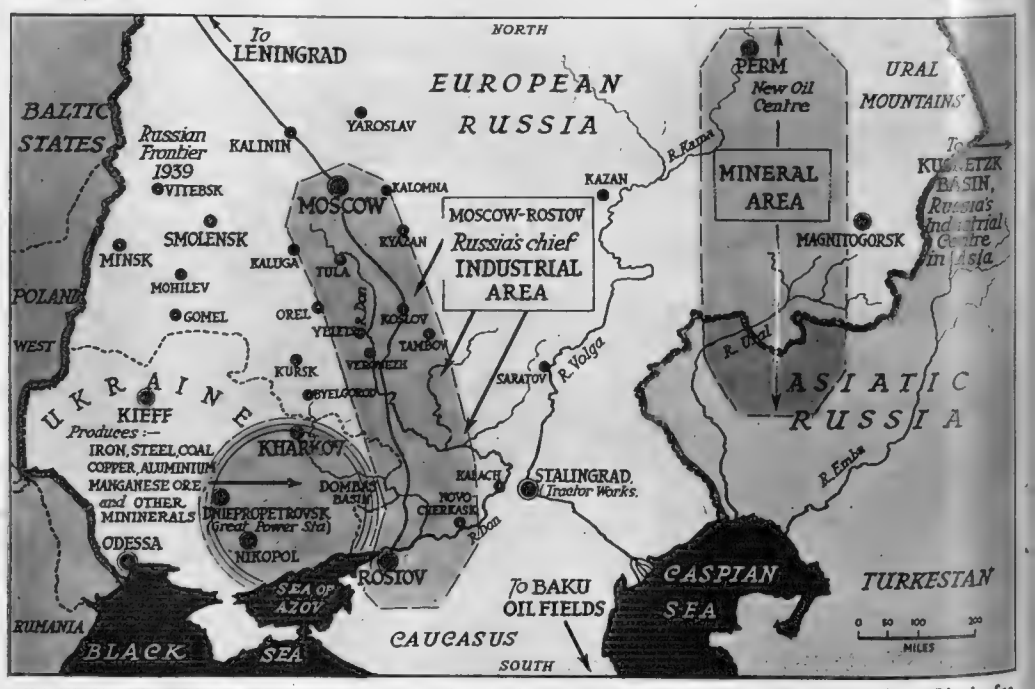
The Silesian coalfield, with important local deposits of metal ores, was partly Polish in 1939. On or near it are Beuthen, Gleiwitz, Cracow, Kattowice, and other centres. The main centres in the Saar are Saarbrucken, Mervig and Mounkirchen. Other important centres in Czechoslovakia, especially the great Skoda works near Plzen (Pilsen), also serve German war needs.

Oil, the life-blood of mechanical warfare, has its refineries at seaports, at river ports, and near many cities on the coalfield. Germany has to supplement her oil supplies by

Czechoslovakia is one of the subject countries: At Pilsen are the great Skoda works, and it is from here that many of the heavy German tanks emanate

Poland, too, is harnessed to the German war machine: At Boryslav there is a considerable oil-field—the oil from which is more precious than gold at the present moment!

The Great Petroleum Refinery at Campina in Rumania: The Russians are bombing the Rumanian oil-fields and oil plant without mercy



THE VITAL CENTRES IN RUSSIA: The great industrial belt which runs from Moscow to the Black Sea

Whereas the Ukraine is, rightly, regarded as the granary of Russia, it must not be overlooked that it is one of the principal industrial centres as well. From Moscow to Rostoff on the Sea of Azov, following the line of the River Don, is an area where the biggest and most important industries are concentrated: to the west of this region lie the equally important centres of Kharkov, Dniepropetrovsk (with one of the biggest power stations in the whole of Russia) and Nikopol. From these areas comes a very large part—the largest, in fact—of Russia's war materials. Should the Germans reach Moscow and the Black Sea, the threat to the Russian war effort would be a very serious one

The Swastika flies over Kovno: Capital of Lithuania; Kovno was occupied by the Germans soon after the opening of the campaign against Russia

large-scale production of synthetic oil from coal at Leuna, Gelsenkirchen—on the R.A.F. visiting-list. Germany's main external supplies are from Rumania, whence they come by rail in tank-cars and by small tankers up the Danube. The attention now being paid by Russian bombers to oil refineries and wells at Ploeshti, and to Danube ports like Jassy and Galata, is of great military significance.

The attacks by the R.A.F. on German railway junctions, marshalling yards, important locks on canals, river ports and seaports have played havoc with German transport of men and war materials. Much-bombed Hamm is 20 miles from Dortmund in the Ruhr; Munster, Hanover, Osnabruck, Magdeburg, Leipzig, Dresden and the huge "nodal point" of Berlin are vital railway centres; Cologne and Mannheim are intrinsically important as munition-makers but also as vital crossing-points on the Rhine.

East of Berlin, and within reach not only of Russian bombers but also of our larger aircraft, are the railway centres of Frankfurt-on-Oder, Poznan (Posen), Bialystok and Warsaw on the way to Moscow; Breslau, Konigsberg, Wilvi and Pakow on the routes to Leningrad. Canals now serving as important supplementary supply routes are: (1) the Mitteland Canal (completed and opened by Rudolf Hess in 1938) and associated river and canal systems providing an inland waterway from the Rhine and Ems, *via* Magdeburg, Berlin, Schneidenmühl and Bromberg to Konigsberg; and (2) the Rhine-Main-Danube mid-European waterway linking North and Black Seas; the Yugoslavs mined and damaged the canalised Danube at the Iron Gate and the Russians are now bombing lower Danube ports. Nevertheless, Germany will make strenuous efforts to keep these valuable inland water-routes open.

Seaways now used are Baltic routes, in which the co-operation of Finland and the seizure of ports in the Baltic States are of great importance to Germany. At present, however, these seaways are hazardous owing to the presence of Russian naval units based on Leningrad.

FROM THE RUSSO-GERMAN WAR FRONT: Dust and heat now envelop the fighting zone

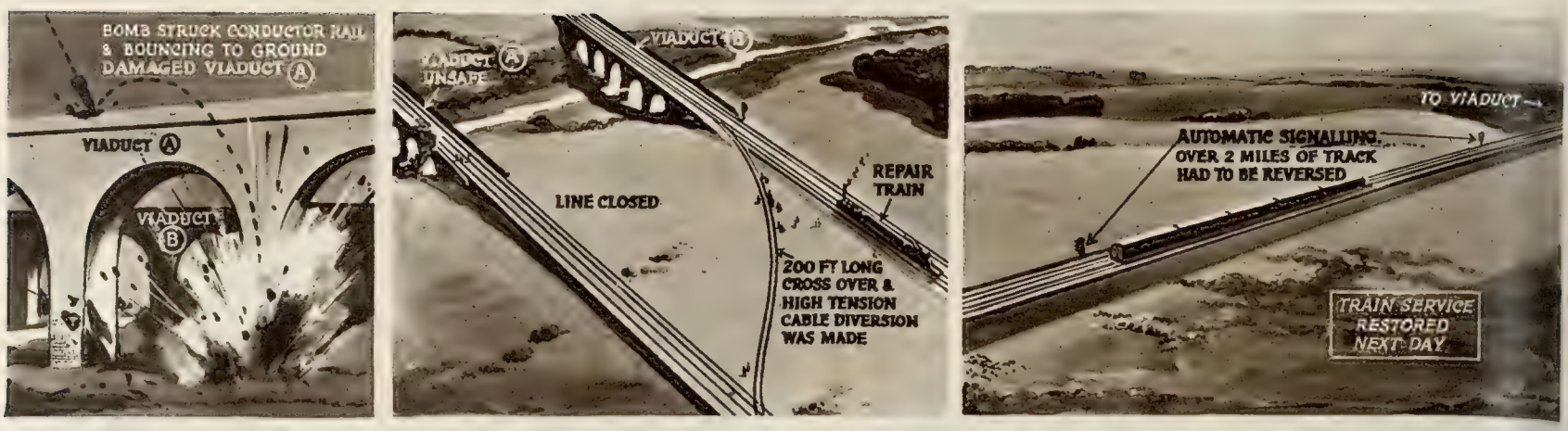
Not the least of the enemies the Germans will have to face during the summer months in Russia are the heat and the dust. Surprisingly, they are making considerable use of horsed transport, about which there is little of the dash and vigour displayed during previous German drives. But road conditions across the great Russian plains and marshlands are not so favourable for mechanised vehicles as elsewhere in Europe

THE GUERILLA TACTICS OF THE RED INFANTRY IN WHITE RUSSIA—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

In many places along the vast fighting front, Russian infantry are successfully employing guerilla tactics. In a recent communique from Moscow a description was given of how such defensive tactics are being carried out. "German motorised units tried to cross a river," runs the report. Our troops, on the opposite bank, fired machine-guns and mortars to keep the enemy at bay." And then, apparently, Russian snipers, shooting from bush and reed cover, joined in and performed deadly work from their concealed positions

AN ACTION ON THE RIVER BUG—typical of many isolated little battles now proceeding along the Russian front—*Drawing by T. Walker*

The Russian infantry have demonstrated on many occasions that they are not afraid to tackle German tanks even when unsupported by their own tanks. Russia was, after all, the birthplace of the Molotov Cocktail: these deadly missiles are still being employed—and with good effect, despite the disapproval of some of our own experts! In the action depicted above, Russian guerillas had lain in hiding in bushes along the Bug awaiting the arrival of a column of German tanks which had effected a crossing of the river. As the ponderous vehicles came up, bottles of petrol were thrown at the Germans and, according to the Soviet communique, eighteen heavy enemy tanks were destroyed



A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE MANNER IN WHICH THE RAILWAYS OVERCOME BOMB DAMAGE

—Drawing by Roland Davies

This was a particularly unfortunate occurrence : the bomb fell on the conductor rail ; it then bounced off and exploded close to the viaduct ! Thus line and viaduct were both rendered unsafe. With the line out of commission, a cross-over 200 ft. long was made, and the high-tension cable was also diverted : in addition, automatic signalling over 2 miles of track had to be reversed. The train service was restored the next day !

THE RAILWAYS OF BRITAIN CARRY ON

The Wonderful Repair Work Performed After Air Raids

—Described and illustrated by Roland Davies

EVER since bombing was begun by the enemy on a big scale over Britain, the interruption of our transport system has been one of his objectives. Naturally, the railways have come in for a good deal of attention under this heading ; and numerous bomb craters scarring the ground around the permanent ways bear testimony to the efforts that the *Luftwaffe* have made to put our railway systems out of action.

A railway line is a difficult target to hit from the air, however, even with a stick of bombs ; but although many bombs have missed their targets, obviously a number of direct hits have been scored—some where the permanent way is wide and made up of many lines. Furthermore, in city areas which have been systematically "blitzed" (such as London), the railways have naturally come in for some "incidental" bombing. Adjoining buildings have been destroyed and the debris spilled across the lines.

The manner in which the railways have nevertheless carried on, and the speedy fashion in which damage has been repaired and the lines cleared, have helped enormously in the normal running of our country during the period of intensive raiding.

Charts, maps, and drawings dealing with every detail of railway properties are consulted night and day by the engineering staffs. Travelling cranes, capable of lifting great loads, are kept constantly under steam, ready for transference to affected areas. Materials for repairing the worst bomb damage are instantly available, and breakdown gangs are ready to report at dawn. Rarely has the most extensive damage to the permanent way taken longer than twelve hours to repair.

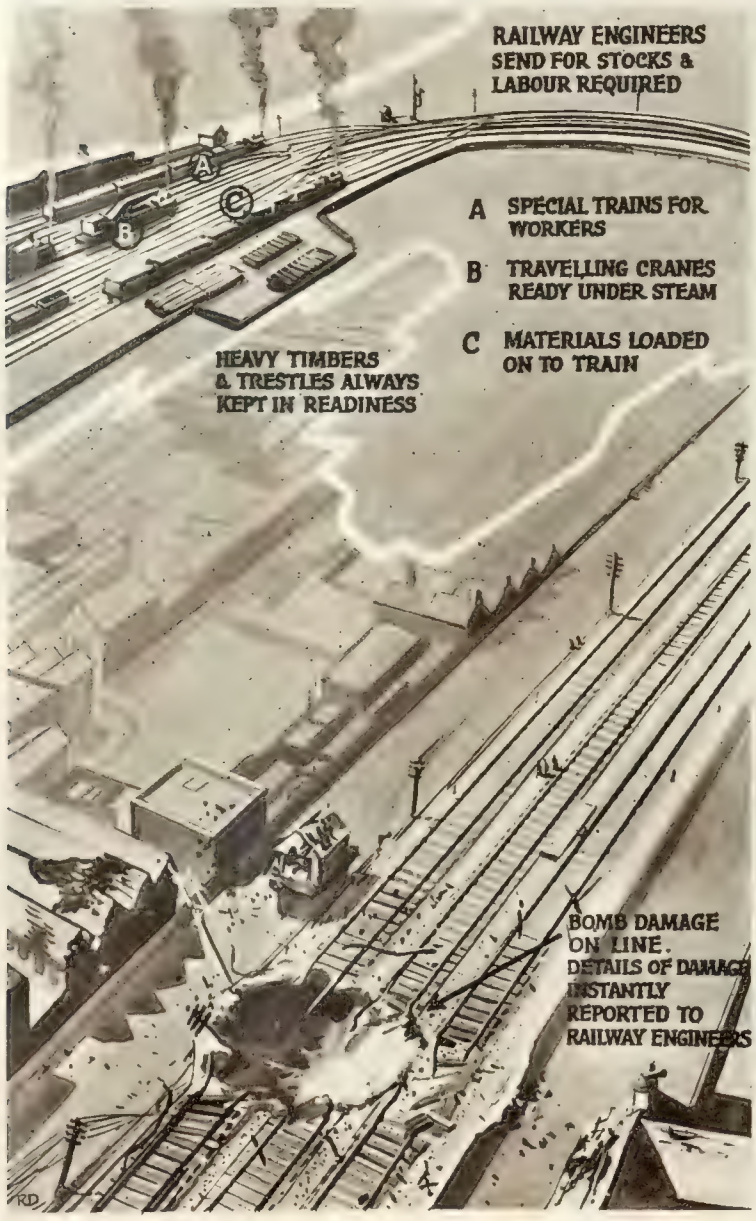
The following is an example of what the railways can do. During a raid a big bomb perforated the booking-hall of a busy station, exploding on the track over a subway. Severe blast damaged the rails, and timbers and girders and portions of the platform were demolished. Furthermore, the brick and tile constructions (including kiosks) were destroyed. Numbers of cables under the platform nosing were also put out of commission.

Two ballast trains were at once rushed to the spot ; lorry loads of workmen came by road ; with the result that

ONLY ONE OF MANY ACTS OF HEROISM PERFORMED BY BRITISH RAILWAY WORKERS

—Drawing by Roland Davies

A young engine-cleaner, after putting out incendiary bombs, volunteered to move a train of trucks from a blazing goods shed. He drove a strange engine into the fire and then brought out the goods train. Altogether he made four successful trips !



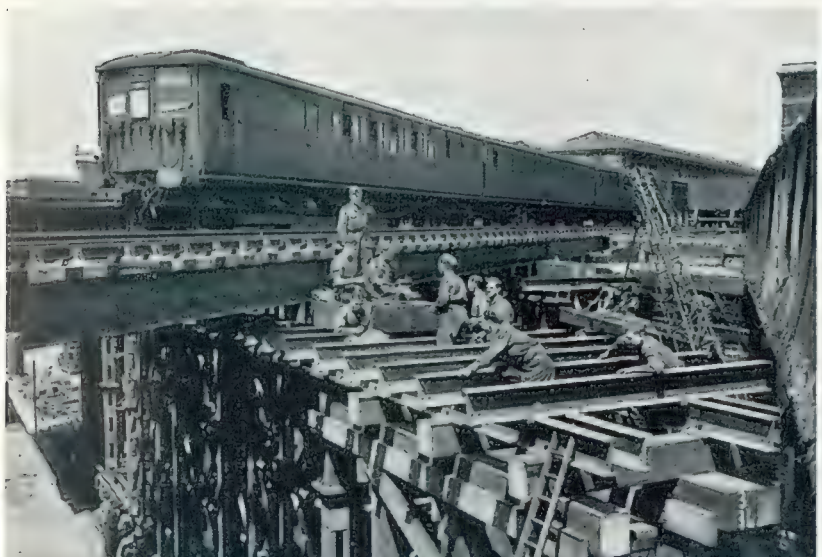
***On left*—HOW RAILWAYS ARE ORGANISED TO DEFEAT BOMBING :**

As soon as the details of damage have been reported to the Railway Engineers, the wartime plans begin to operate immediately. This drawing shows, in diagram form, how labour and materials are made available for emergency work after air-raid damage

Damage to the line through falling brickwork : In this case the railway itself was not hit : the train service was delayed by demolition work on buildings beside the track

A WRECKED RAILWAY BRIDGE AFTER A RECENT RAID ON LONDON : Bridge and permanent way have crashed on to the roadway beneath

This is how the bridge looked from the street level, with a gaping hole where the permanent way should have been



The bridge is repaired and the trains run again whilst Engineers still carry on

Only the side girders and the remains of the hole show the previous damage

During a recent "blitz" on London a railway bridge was hit by a bomb : for a time traffic was interrupted, as bridge and tracks had been precipitated into the roadway below. The Pioneer Corps and the Royal Engineers, however, got to work immediately, and after a very short while the train service was back to normal

the station was reopened, with both lines in operation with temporary signalling apparatus, within eight hours of the bomb exploding !

(Another example of the enterprise of the Railway Repair Squads is shown in one of the drawings reproduced in the upper left hand of these pages.)

The Underground Railways have received their share of bombs, and London Transport engineers have executed some very speedy repairs. Soldiers of the Pioneer Corps have given valuable assistance in some of these cases.

During air raids, all branches of railway transport carry on as nearly as possible to normal. Much of the business of a railway must function after nightfall : apart from the running of trains, the work of the marshalling yards must go on. (We all know this because of the frequent mention in Air Ministry reports of the famous Hamm marshalling yards !) Black-out has caused a great problem : as a result of the examination of each individual part of the railway system, however, there has been a rearrangement of electrical wiring ; hundreds of miles of new wiring have been installed, and reduced lighting—under the control of master switches—has been employed.

Any lights showing from a train might lead German bombers to a town : although the carriage lights are

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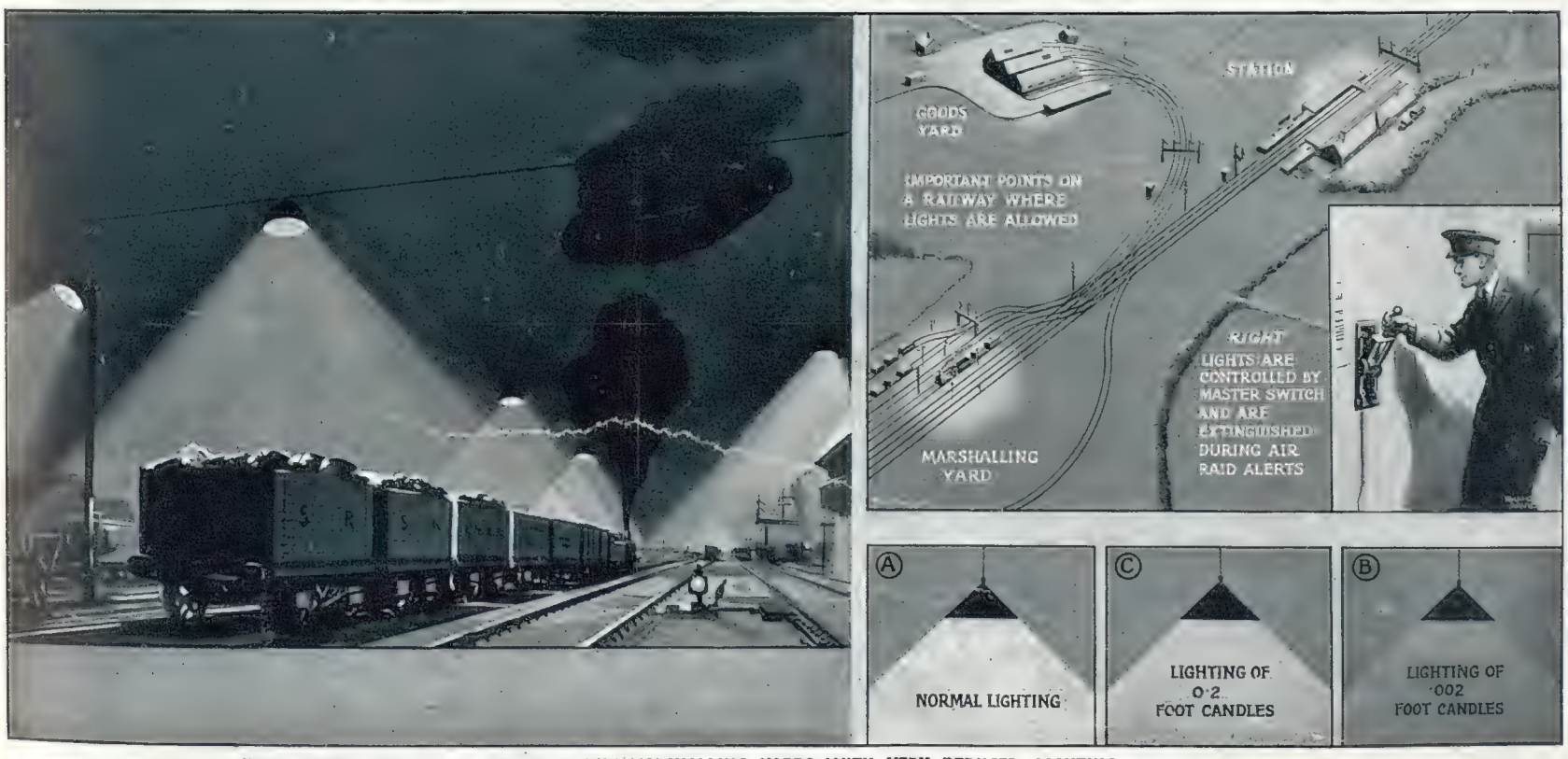


HOW WORK GOES ON AT NIGHT AT THE MARSHALLING YARDS WITH VERY REDUCED LIGHTING—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The sorting out of the goods wagons and the making up into trains must go on after nightfall. Special reduced lighting is allowed : and the lights permissible fall into three categories—these are shown on the right in diagram form

THE RAILWAYS CARRY ON

(*Continued from previous page*)

all hooded, they are always extinguished when the siren sounds.

Black-out naturally imposes more than normal difficulties on the crew of a train; and great credit must be given to them for the way in which they have brought their trains through danger areas night after night, often with bombs crashing down in the vicinity. Apart from the courage shown by nearly all railway employees during their normal work, certain outstanding cases have been recorded, of which the following are only a few instances:—

A wagon of ammunition fuses on fire was unloaded and saved by a checker and his gang; a train of ammunition and petrol was moved away from a blazing building by a train inspector; a wagon of high-explosive bombs on fire was tackled by a shunter who, with other men, removed the topmost layer of bombs, which were hot!

The Wonderful Work of London Transport Engineers

LONDON TRANSPORT engineers are organised to deal with any type of bomb damage. Gangs are ready to begin work at any hour of the day or night and dumps of specially selected material are available at key points, so that passenger services may be restored at the earliest possible moment. These four pictures show how the engineers repaired a large hole made in an Underground railway tunnel during a recent raid.

A direct hit was scored with a large high-explosive bomb. After temporarily supporting the sides of the crater, the engineers were able to begin repairs. First they drove sheet steel piles down on either side of the tunnel to some feet below the permanent way, and supported the piles with horizontal timber struts. When the piles supported the sides of the tunnel the debris could be removed.

Picture number **(1)** shows the piles and struts in position, and a company of Pioneers removing the debris. As soon as these preliminary precautions had been taken and the debris removed, the permanent way was restored, and trains were run again on week-days. On Sundays trains were stopped so that the engineers might carry out the work that could not be done when trains were running.

Picture number **(2)** shows the two methods employed for permanent repairs. In the foreground the tunnel, which was of brick, was only slightly damaged. The inner ring of brickwork was taken away and was replaced by a reinforced concrete lining. The shuttering erected to hold the concrete in position until it matured may be seen. Beyond the shuttering, the tunnel was entirely wrecked and the remains of the old arch had to be completely taken out. Workmen may be seen erecting new retaining walls. When the walls had been built to the required height, the reconstruction of the tunnel was completed by placing an arch consisting of pre-cast concrete units upon them.

In picture number **(3)** a unit of the concrete arch is being lowered from the road; and in picture number **(4)** the new retaining walls and the partly completed concrete arch are seen.

(1) SOLDIERS OF THE PIONEER CORPS HELP LONDON TRANSPORT: This underground tunnel was severely bombed. The Engineers have erected steel piles and timber struts to prevent the sides of the tunnel from collapsing, and the soldiers are here seen clearing away the debris

(2) FIRST-AID REPAIRS TO THE RAILWAY TUNNEL: The Engineers are repairing the bombed arch and restoring the permanent way, so that the lines can be reopened

(3) PRE-CAST ARCHES OF REINFORCED CONCRETE, used to expedite the permanent repair of railway tunnels damaged by bombing. Here a section of an arch is being lowered into position

(4) THE REINFORCED CONCRETE ARCHES, PRE-CAST, ARE ERECTED IN SECTIONS and are lowered into position from the road: whilst this work was in progress trains ran as usual during week-days, leaving only Sunday for work which could not be carried out during the week

TRANSITION on the SUNNY FRENCH RIVIERA

An Account of what has been Going on Behind the Veil in this Former Paradise of the Wealthy Since its Abandonment by the Great Majority of its Former British Residents

By FERDINAND TUOHY

"A HARDY RACE!" wrote Madame de Stäel after seeing some English at Villafranca in 1760. This is the first record of *les Anglais* in that bright corner of France which they far more than any others were to summon into being as the Riviera; though what they were being hardy about at Villefranche it is difficult to imagine. No doubt the Stäel's comment arose from the circumstance that at the time of her passage *en berline* the country between Toulon and "civilised Italy" was deemed to be mildly barbarous, even not without peril.

First publicity came from Smollett who managed to put up with Nice from 1763 to 1765. Some of the Georgian dukes and their circle probed thither as a result, the practice being to proceed from Marseilles to Nice by sea. The really venturesome mingled sea and land, a spot of felucca and a spot of berline.

Thereafter *les Anglais* sheered off until after Waterloo. During the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars there 's record of but one *Anglais*, Arthur Young, who risked his skin at Antibes in 1807. He wrote of Nice as a town of 5,000 and of Cannes as a fishing port of 1,500 inhabitants.

1820. The English winter colony at Nice has increased to a hundred; best *pension*, 7 francs a day. 1830. The winter colony has risen to 1,000, and the Rev. Way founds the Promenade des Anglais in order to avoid odours to and from Old Nice. 1834. The formidable Milord Brougham is held up by quarantine at the Var River on his way to civilised Italy and is recommended a fishing village a few miles in rear, and so Cannes is born. Yet if Brougham has his statue there, the *Anglais* who really did the job was plain. Mr. Woodfield who flourished at the Villa Victoria from 1838 to 1888 and in the 'seventies had as his house guests the Empress Frederick and a noisy little boy who lived to die at Doorn.

Mr. Woodfield witnessed local transition from an almost Talleyrand *douceur de vivre* to the Riviera, as people still living knew it as young men and women. He saw the coast boom to life with the coming of the train to Monte Carlo in 1868. The Blancs had started gambling there a year or two before, and you may judge of what suddenly happened to the coast by the total of visitors in 1870: 100,000. Up till then, the foreign company had been almost entirely *anglais*—Celts and Picts and Scots have got to put up with it for the French have ever called us all "*anglais*."

Yet at old Woodfield's death eighteen years later, *Angleterre* had probably reached zenith locally. The Queen. The Prince of Wales (dodging her). "Half the peerage." Gladstone. And the Bishop of Gibraltar vowing that not a stone of the English Church should be laid until the gaming rooms had been closed (he lost that righteous bet). Some might put the 'nineties as local English apogee, heyday of the great gamblers—Charlie Wells ("The Man Who," etc.), Darnborough, Jaggers, and old Sam Lewis—and with none to compete with them save Russian Grand Dukes *en liesse* with wads of Froufrous and Fizz. To think that poor Cora Pearl (Crouch) was expelled from Monte in *her* day!

Something of the turn of the century persisted at Monte when I first saw it in 1911, although my visit had to do with the Riviera's first air meeting. Then 1914-18, the Riviera transformed into a convalescing coast, and yet another metamorphosis on the part of *les Anglais*, this time into khaki, limping or on leave. After which, in 1919, it was a case of *pop*! and off careered the Riviera on its wildest plunge. Inside ten or a dozen years it grew into "a great sun city" extending seventy miles from St. Raphäel to Menton. A whirl of wheels supplanted the sweet quiet of Treves' "Corniche Road." Freak, luxury-studded interlude with hot and cold running chambermaids on every floor. Yachts and magnificence and—publicity.

The crazy between-wars period was, however, divided clearly in two: up to the world slump in 1930, and after. In the 'twenties the Riviera chiefly went youthful and sporting and money no object. In the 'thirties it perforce grew calmer, and some genius therefore had the notion of turning it into a summer resort for the many; and, lo, they lay side by side on the golden grill, looking like so many human steaks, and not at all nice steaks either, what with their oils and their unctions.

In 1939, Nice became the fourth city of France, with a cosmopolitan 260,000 population. Yet *les Anglais* were still the salient foreign tribe, as shown by the local saying in times of monetary and other stress: "If the English are here all is well."

Well, the English are "there" no longer. They 've been chased away, all save the aged and invalid and a sprinkling engaged in industry and agriculture. Vichy gave the descendants of the race that created the Riviera one week in which to scram. Otherwise the concentration camp. The last reliable figures showed about 2,700 British subjects between Marseilles and Monaco, the great majority in the Cannes-Nice area. I 've had letters and have met others who 've had letters, and so shall try and build an Ultimate Letter:

"Right at the start, there was a big exodus, because everyone thought Italy also would attack France. They saw the coast in the front line and 1,500 cars disappeared over the Alps from Monte alone. But nothing happened, and I suppose for the next nine months the Riviera was the best place to be in all France. But those who could read things and who really wanted to get home to England with breath and belongings should, I think, have got going when the Germans reached the sea at Abbeville—about May 20. But lots of us had no belongings whatever in England; the Riviera was our home for keeps; and how could we or anyone foresee 'Vichy'? We believed that never had France and England been so indissolubly bound. Of course, the idle Riviera way of life operated too! Anyway, we stayed—perhaps 4,000. The last boat-load off—'Somerset Maugham's boat', we called it—you read of. A ghastly journey to Gibraltar . . .

"Our inability to know just what *was* going on in England was a greater worry last summer than our sudden reduction to £10 a month paid by the Americans on behalf of the F.O. Plied with Vichy dope, we clutched on to the B.B.C. And, by the way, to many in the backwoods that monthly tenner meant little difference from peacetime! It was sixty francs a day. The lucky ones were those who had balances in French banks. Naturally one had to pipe right down on everything that *made* the Riviera. Bare necessities—yet where else does one basically need so little dough? The sun, the sea, the do-nothing? The real snag was Vichy's ban on sun-bathing, beach attire, and anything remotely savouring of Sex. That was Baudouin-Vichy's way of wheedling Holy Church.

"So presently some of us took off for little places along the coast where only telescopes could spot us committing grievous sin, 'relaxing' on the sand. Beyond restriction of movement, we were on the same basis as the French, the bulk of whom treated us as friends throughout. In the remoter places one escaped a good deal of the worry which soon befell in the bigger centres: food queues, black-out, lack of transport, cinemas, cafés and 'dancings' strictly rationed if not banned. In the nourishment line, coffee, butter, meat and *pasta* were the chief casualties. Unfortunately, it 's always been a poor fish coast, but the vegetables, fruit and wine held.

"Gradually it became a bicycle coast. The silence in the streets was uncanny. The only survival was the thronging of the promenades in Nice and Cannes. The shutters of villas went up unceasingly as friends left for Lisbon when they could (and if they wanted to), but soon the Germans began to take our places. To-day they 're everywhere—as civilians, of course, but lords of the earth. Some are even civil commissioners and can order the French about. The Italians are contemptuously ignored, though the coast is nominally under their Armistice Commission, and you see officers and carabinieri lolling round the ports and stations.

"As prices rose we had to begin parting with our realisable belongings. Quantities of Frenchmen set up in business buying jewellery from foreign refugees. Other French, having no faith in this franc, simply bought the stuff in order to get their hands on something 'solid.' But I 'd say this: there 's been no confiscation of English property, and a law has even been passed at Monaco preventing landlords selling up the property of absent British, against rent owing. They believe we 'll come back, and so do most of the French, and anyway, whatever else our shortcomings, we did earn a reputation for honesty! French decency extended to allowing some of us to cash undated cheques up to quite an amount. We just added a letter to our executors asking for the debt to be paid in case we conked.

"Cannes was the 'capital' of the British until the end. Its harbour is packed with yachts of all sizes and breeds most of them English-owned if no longer flagged! The really lucky ones were those who got permission to live aboard a boat—rent free, of course. Four or five clubbing together a head a month—well, that definitely *wasn't* such a bad war . . . but for thoughts of home. The luckiest bloke of all was an English sailor minding Chilcott's famous 'Dolphin.' He had his family and a Russian-with-family to help him. 'All well and happy' was his last card home. That stood for many of us in the circumstances because, if there was no more golf and precious little tennis or social life, there were always the sun and the sea and bridge and gossip. But you had to mind your tongue in public.

"They started gambling again, but it 's no go except at Monte where the Boches descend in bulk. Elsewhere the 'luxury palaces' (hotels) are one-fifth full, and what a pathetic ending to famous occasions is the Carlton terrace at Cannes! You mayn't get a cocktail until 8 p.m., but still they sit around.

"As to why we were suddenly put on the spot, opinions differed. One school held that it was a bit of Musso hate put into force by means of Nazi pressure on Vichy. Another opinion was that the Germans have something in view from the Mediterranean coast. A third version was that Darlan saw English spies and enemies in the vicinity of ports whence reinforcements left for his Syrian 'war.' Or just plain Darlan venom.

"Most of the British who are neither decrepit nor in industry and agriculture, who fail to wangle permission to stay, and who weren't able to make Lisbon, have probably left for the Basses-Alpes, just above the Riviera and delightful just now climatically. But how lost and bored they must feel! They have a choice of eight inland departments—no doubt the Basses and Hautes Alpes, Vaucluse (Avignon), Drome (Valence), Hérault (Montpellier), Gard (Nimes), and the Lozère and Ardèche, the two poorest and least peopled parts of France."

A STRONG INFLUENCE IN SPAIN—Mostly German and Italian papers are now on sale at many of its bookstalls: This somewhat unusual picture just received in London demonstrates clearly the tremendous influence exercised at the present moment by the Axis powers in France. In both Barcelona and Madrid any number of German and Italian newspapers and magazines can be seen on the bookstalls, but only a few Spanish journals are offered for sale! This picture was taken in Barcelona: the customers, however, will be unfortunate unless they can read either German or Italian!

HOW THE BOMBER DEFENDS ITSELF

"Blind Spots" and "Arcs of Fire" Are Here Described
by J. PIKE and Illustrated by L. ASHWELL WOOD

HOW vital is the further development of the bomber's defence against the fighter has been emphasised by the figures of losses since June 16, when the British air offensive against Germany began in real earnest.

In one month, more than 100 bombers were lost in night raids over Germany, whilst (up to July 16) only fifteen became casualties in the twenty-three daylight, fighter-escorted raids over occupied France.

During the same period, German losses in fighters were more than double ours, and although there was but little activity by the *Luftwaffe* over Britain, no fewer than forty-six German bombers (up to July 16) were shot down. Their losses in bombers must be regarded as severe in proportion to the meagre damage inflicted upon us, whilst, conversely, the total of British machines destroyed is light compared with the havoc wrought by the R.A.F. on objectives in Germany and in occupied France. The fact remains, however, that the unescorted bomber is as yet very vulnerable to attack by fighters.

One method of defence of the bomber is, of course, flight in formation, whereby a fighter endeavouring to pick off an opponent comes under the fire of the other units of the formation. Hence it is that the pattern of the bomber formation so often seen is arrow-shaped, or staggered. It must be obvious, however, that this expedient alone is ineffective against a string or equal number of fighter planes, and that the bomber must insure its safety by other means; by increasing its armament or by building machines which can attain a faster speed and greater height. A bomber capable of flying at 400 m.p.h., with a ceiling of 30,000 ft. or more, would be, for all practical purposes, immune from attack.

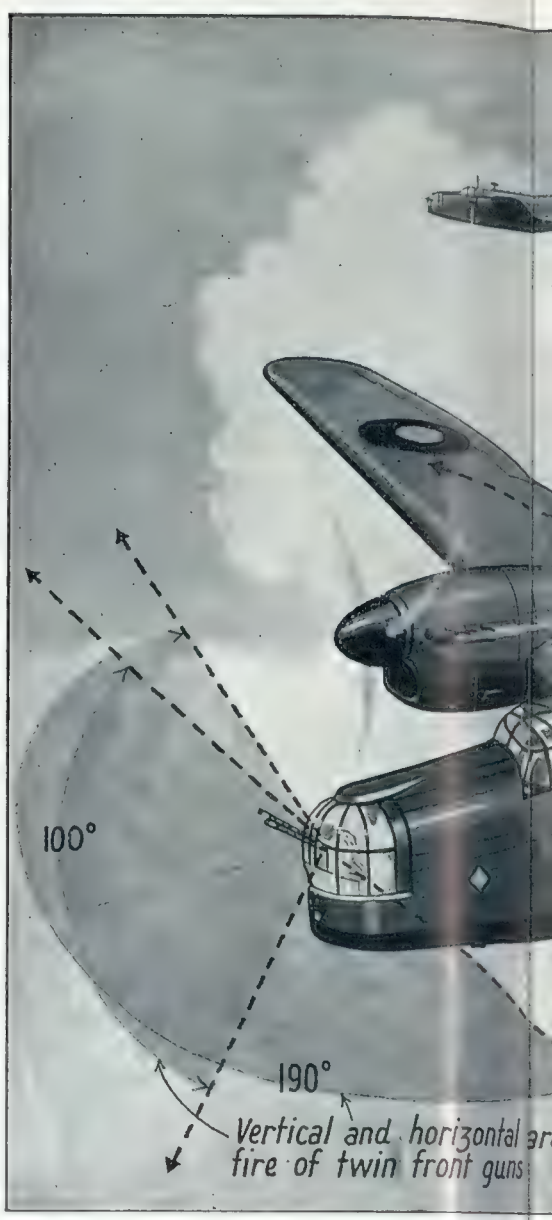
The eight-gun bombers of the R.A.F., however, are capable of putting up a better defence than are their German opponents. Would the *Luftwaffe*, for instance, dare to send their bombers over Britain by day without a host of protecting fighters—as the R.A.F. has done recently half-a-dozen times over Occupied France without escort, and, moreover, without suffering much loss. Apart from our undoubted superiority in personnel, it is largely owing to our better armament that the R.A.F. has been able to achieve its striking successes.

German bombers have as many machine-guns as the bombers of the R.A.F., and it is due to the mounting of the guns that British bomber defence is so much superior. It will be understood that it would be no easy matter to adapt a machine-gun to the bearings of an attacking plane whilst exposed to a wind-stream of, say, 300 miles an hour. Mainly owing to the work of Frazer-Nash, the guns, wherever possible, are now mounted in power-driven turrets, enabling the machine-gunner to rotate himself and his gun to suit almost any bearing. And it is worthy of note that the R.A.F. is the only air force which has successfully developed the technique of the power-driven turret, with all its manifest advantages.

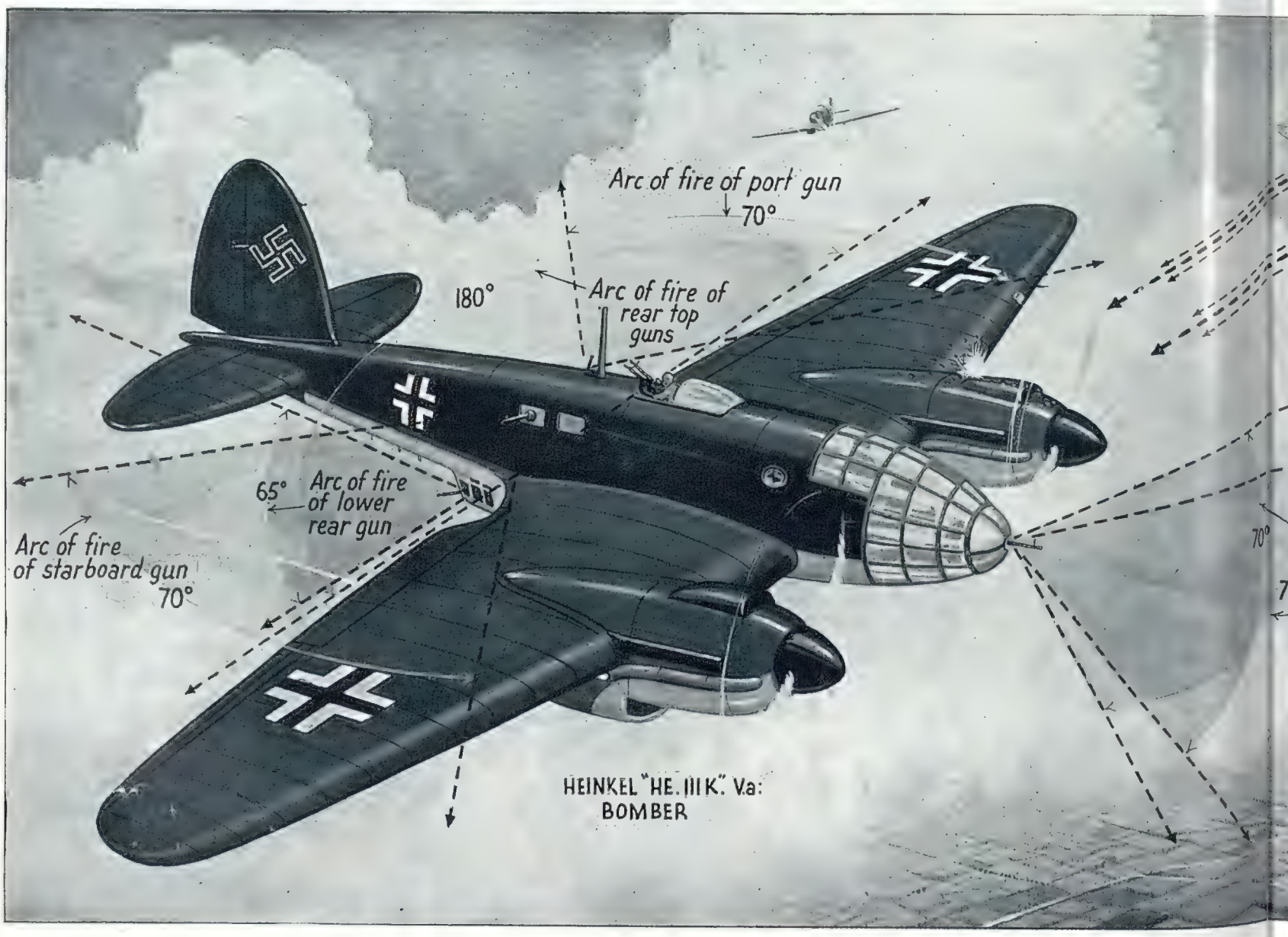
These gun positions are dubbed colloquially "blisters," being covered over with a transparent, movable hood standing up like blisters on the body of the machine. They are smoothed into the body as effectively as possible to obviate wind resistance. Nevertheless, from certain bearings of approach, the bomber is vulnerable to attack; and from these positions the fighter endeavours to administer the *coup de grâce*. Inevitably, the bomber has its blind spots, no matter how much, in theory, the designer would like to protect it against attack from every quarter.

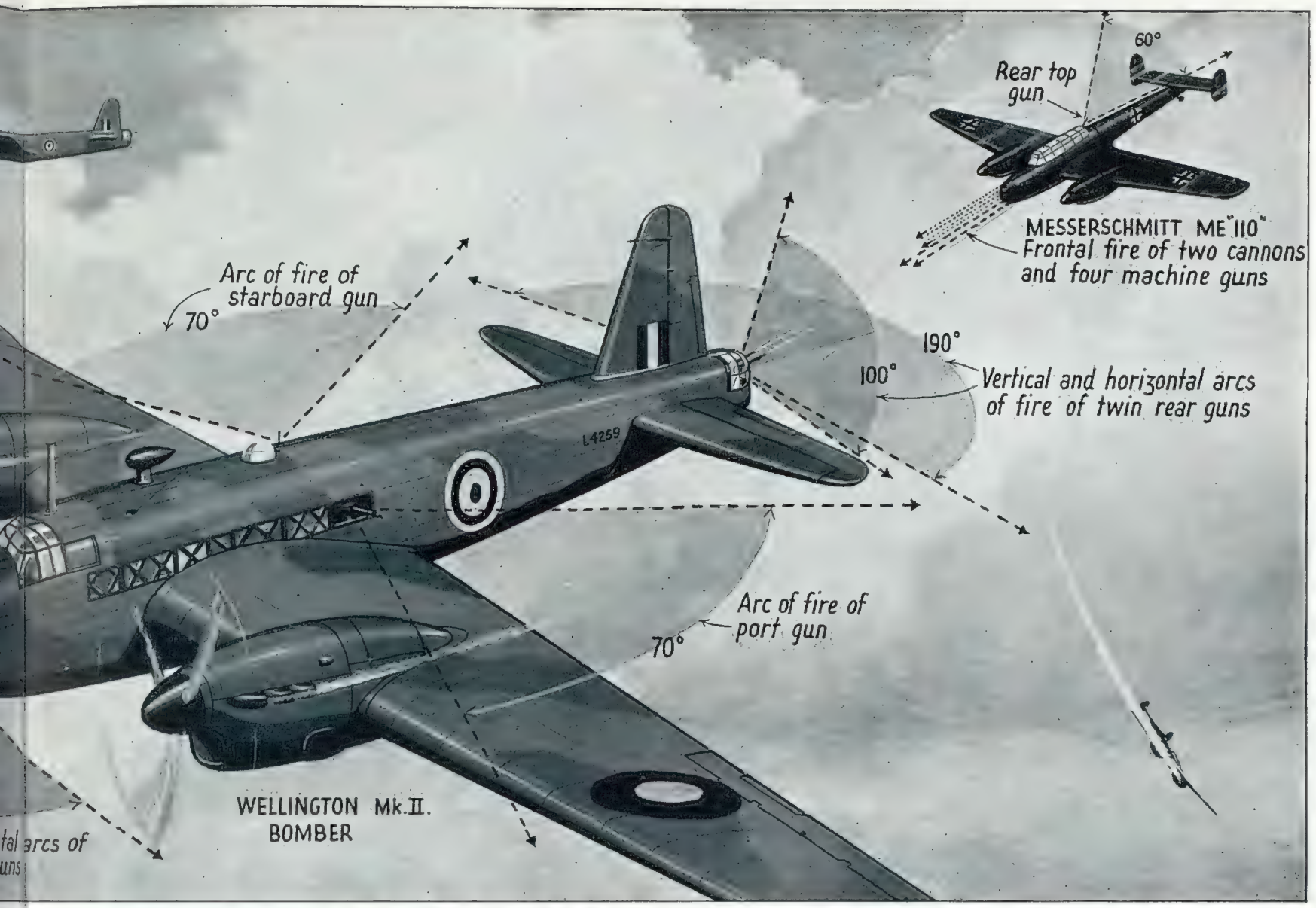
To overcome these weaknesses, the closest co-operation between pilot and gunner is essential, the former manœuvring his machine in such a way as to allow his gunners to bring their guns into

(Continued below)



Below—**THERE ARE FIVE GUNNERS IN THE HEINKEL 111K, but the disposition of their fire is considered to be not so good as that of our own Wellingtons**

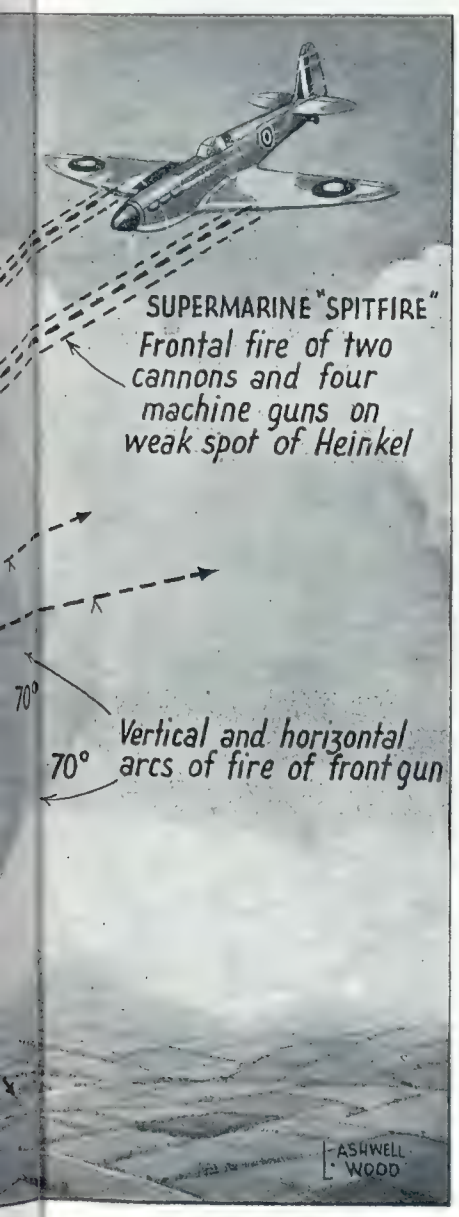




THE FOUR GUNNERS OF THE WELLINGTON BOMBER: There are five gunners in the German Heinkel, but the Wellington's four gunners have a better disposition and control a greater area in combat

The problem of whether a bomber can defend itself successfully against a well-armed fighter appears at the present time to resolve itself into the question of how many "blind spots" there are in the armament of the bomber. The nimble fighter will search round any bomber for these weak armament spots, which he will discover either by painful experience in the air or from data gathered from fallen planes.

Two types of bomber are here illustrated in a manner specially designed to show the arcs of fire from the guns and how far every angle of attack can be met. Of course, these diagrams deal only with the mechanical side of the problem—the skill and dash of the crew may be a deciding factor superimposed on the other. In the diagrammatic view of the Wellington MKII bomber it is shown to carry four gunners in the crew, against the five in the Heinkel, also illustrated here, but the disposition of fire is held to be much better in the case of the British machine. The scope of the fire is shown in each case by arcs of fire from the gun-points. The forward fire from the Wellington (twin guns) has a range of 100 degs. and 190 degs (vertical and horizontal) as compared with the lesser 70 degs. of the Heinkel. Then come two guns, port and starboard, with a 70-deg. sweep. The armament is completed by twin rear guns with 100 degs. and 190 degs of arc. Much depends on the skill of the rear gunner controlling these two guns. The Heinkel's forward armament has only arcs of 70 degs. from its single gun. It has twin guns mounted on the top of the fuselage and right and left guns similar in position to the Wellington, but less well mounted. It also carries a rear lower gun with an arc of 65 degs. This rearward protection leaves the blind spot here indicated still unprotected, and it is this which the Spitfire pilot will try to reach. The Wellington's wider forward arc gives better protection.



(Continued from above on left)

action from whatever angle the fighter may attack. Team work of this kind plays a big part in defence, and is necessarily the result of training planned to suit the characteristics of various types of machines.

Conditions on an aircraft are not unlike those prevailing on a warship in the matter of armament, especially as regards the arc of fire. The whole circumference of the path of a rotating gun cannot, in the nature of things, be used for the offensive, as in certain conditions the shots would endanger the structure of the craft. During certain positions of travel, therefore, the gun is so arranged as to be incapable of action. The tail-piece and rudder particularly have to be cleared when firing astern; hence bombers like the Wellington have a blister right at the stern, giving a clear sweep astern, and well around to both port and starboard.

Besides armament, armour on an aircraft plays the same role as on a warship, and for the same reason, to save weight, its application is strictly limited. Naturally, if it could be applied to any extent without invalidating some other useful feature, such as range, speed, carrying capacity, and manœuvrability, it would be extensively used, but the work of the designer to give the utmost protection to the personnel and to the more vital parts of the machine is necessarily subject to other considerations, and a balance is very soon struck, risks being taken with the unprotected portions.

As in all engineering jobs, the final result is a compromise between conflicting functions; speed and range, armour and armament, have to be adjusted for a best possible solution. Usually, the extent of the sacrifice involved in the compromise is conditioned to a large extent by consideration of the size of the machine, and in general by the availability of engine types, which, it must be remembered, are not under the aircraft maker's control, being developed separately by the engine designer.

The question of the use of armour came into great prominence last autumn, when new Messerschmitt Me.'s appeared. It was then found that the heavy losses incurred had caused the Germans to armour their fighters. Our reply to this new development was not long delayed, for soon cannons were added to our fighters' equipment, firing 20-mm.—about $\frac{3}{4}$-in.—projectiles.

At closer quarters, however, and with rapid manœuvring, the spread fire of massed machine-guns is, without doubt, still extremely valuable, and more effective than the slower-firing cannon, fractions of seconds being of the highest importance in every phase of air fighting.

Bearing in mind that, however great may be the ascendancy of the R.A.F. within the range of our fighters, the Germans still retain supremacy in the air over Germany itself, our need is either for fighters with a range which will carry them well into Germany, or for bombers which are fully capable of engaging enemy fighters on almost equal terms. And nearing completion, and actually on their way from the United States, are several new types of bombers, more heavily armed, with greater striking power, longer range, and higher speed, less vulnerable, and able to give a first-rate account of themselves in combat with any fighter the Germans possess.

SIGNALS—

The Methods Employed in the Royal Navy

EFFICIENT signalling is regarded as a very major consideration in naval work nowadays. Every single facet of naval warfare demands perfect signalling and communications. So the communications branches of the Navy are of prime importance and are worked up to a very high pitch of efficiency. They are divided into two sections—the wireless side, whose ratings all carry as their badge a pair of wings with a flash of lightning through them, and the visual signalling side, who wear crossed flags, although flag-signalling is only a small part of what they have to learn.

Wireless telegraphy is admittedly of prime importance to the Navy, because no other means can carry orders or information so fast or so far. But it is not used any more than is necessary, because it has so many disadvantages. Firstly, it gives away the position of the ship. Secondly, wireless messages can go astray, as they did at Jutland. So everything possible is sent by visual means, and visual means can cover a very large range. A searchlight spelling out its message in the dots and dashes of the Morse Code on the underside of a high cloud can be seen by a ship many miles over the horizon, but the signalmen have to be prepared for the conditions to change suddenly. A searchlight pointed straight at the receiving ship, the shutters in front of it spelling out the dots and dashes by means of a thumb trigger, will carry a surprising distance even in bright sunshine. The Aldis lamp, which is aimed at the receiving ship like a gun and whose light cannot be seen at any great angle on either side, also carries its message much farther than might be expected. At night-time, and within more reasonable range, the flash-lamp is used. In warships it is generally fitted at the mast-head, but it is worked by a simple switch on the bridge.

The semaphore is the more usual method of passing short-distance signals by the position of two arms, although when the big mechanical semaphore on the wing of the bridge is used it can be read for several miles.

Every warship is provided with a mast and yards as close as possible to the bridge, and any number of signals are made by flags. The International Code is used between the warships of all nations or between warships and merchantmen, and it can, as the old American signal manual had it, "send any message that is fit to be sent." Each navy has its own code of signal flags, but they are not always used with the very secret cipher which is so carefully guarded. Fleets and squadrons are usually manœuvred and exercised by flag signal, for the risk of collision is reduced when every ship knows what the other is going to do, and they can all start fair the moment the executive signal is hauled down. The signal ratings of his Majesty's ships are, of necessity, among the keenest and most efficient in the ship's crew. Every case of slackness in making a signal, or mistake in interpreting it, can be seen by the signalmen of all the ships in company, and they do not forget to mention it when they next meet those who have erred. The petty officers—yeomen of signals—have their subordinates in closer touch than in any other branch, and they bring up the young in the way they should go. Signal boys get fair warning of the high standards that will be expected of them before they select the branch, and there are very few who do not live up to them.

F. C. B.

SIGNALLING BY SEARCHLIGHT IN ROUGH WEATHER—*Drawing by William McDowell*
This method is employed even in daylight sometimes, when (in order not to betray the presence of vessels to the enemy) the radio cannot be used. Two men operate the sending searchlight, whilst another takes down the message from the second warship

THE SHUTTERED SEARCHLIGHT AND THE MASKED SAILOR: The signalling searchlight is provided with shutters; by means of these the message is sent in the dot and dash of the Morse Code

THE SEMAPHORE, which is frequently used for signalling to other vessels only a short distance away

THE LAMP ON THE BRIDGE: Note the partly inflated naval equivalent of the pilot's "Mae West" worn round the burly seaman's middle

THE "BUNTING-TOSSERS," OR "FLAG-WAGGERS": With the signals hoisted to convey messages: each has its own locker. Note the signalling searchlight located in the same bay

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IN MATTERS OF DEFENCE: Under the chairmanship of Mr. Sumner Welles, the the seizure of foreign ships

Peruvian Embassy); Juan J. Soler (Minister of Paraguay); Juan Ehrman (First Secretary, Panama Embassy); Leon de Bayle (Minister of Nicaragua); Raimundo Cuervo (First Secretary, Mexican Embassy); Gonzalo Carias (Consul-General of Honduras in New York); Jaques Carmeleau Antoine (Chargé d'Affaires of Haiti); Henry Lewis (Secretary, Inter-American Economic Committee); Enrique Lopez Herrarte (First Secretary, Guatemalan Legation); Hector David Castro (Minister of El Salvador); Colon Eloy Alfaro (Ambassador of Ecuador); Rodolfo Michels (Ambassador of Chile); Ramiro Guerr (Representative of Cuba); Octavio Beeche (Costa Rica); Gabriel Turbay (Ambassador of Colombia); Carlos Martins (Ambassador of Brazil); Louis F. Guachalla (Minister of Bolivia); Carlos Pardo (Representative of Argentine on Economic Matters); and Señor Don Filipe A. Espil (Ambassador of Argentine)

From ICELAND to the AZORES

IT has been definitely stated by the American Government that they are not seeking bases in Portuguese possessions, for Portugal is taking special measures to protect her territory and is sending a steady stream of ships carrying best troops.

At the same time, it is obvious that the U.S. naval patrols will work down towards the Azores, almost due south of the West Coast of Iceland and about 1,750 miles away, and also to the north. How that patrol will be maintained is one of the first things that Germany will try to find out.

America has a large naval force suitable for ocean patrol. She has the biggest fleet of 10,000-ton cruisers, mounting both 8-in. and 6-in. guns, in the world, and although they do not carry much more than half the oil fuel of similar British ships, which are designed for the highest standards of sea-keeping in all parts of the world, they are capable of steaming from 13,000 to 15,000 miles at a steady 15 knots and much further than that at a lower speed.

In addition to these cruisers, and a number of older ones, they have recently bought a number of passenger and fast cargo liners to act as auxiliary cruisers. The U.S. Navy also contains a large number of fine big destroyers up to rather more than 2,000 tons displacement. The oil-fuel capacity of the latest types has been kept secret, but the 1,570-tonners stow 600 tons of oil, equal to 8,000 sea miles steaming at 15 knots.

The fleet of U.S. Coastguard cutters is automatically turned over to the Navy in national emergency, and the biggest of these run to a displacement of 2,000 tons, with all the qualities of a naval ship of similar size and powerful batteries of 5-in. guns.

The planning of a patrol system calls for the finest staff work beforehand, and a large number of alternative schemes are arranged. The proper position of each ship at all times is known to her neighbours in order that they may co-operate in case of emergency and rescue the survivors in case of disaster; if she is called out of her proper position to chase a suspect, or is driven off by bad weather, she has to let the other ships know that they may take appropriate action. Careful coaching and an elaborate code to meet all conditions will rearrange the patrol plan by a few letters sent by wireless.

The whole area, probably the whole Atlantic, will be divided into small squares numbered according to a secret system. This, with the pre-arranged plans which are thoroughly known by every captain, enables the Admiral in his flagship, acting on news sent from headquarters or his own observation, to move the whole force like chessmen.

U.S. PATROL TYPES—*Drawings by Montague Dawson*

A CUTTER OF THE UNITED STATES PATROL SERVICE: The U.S. Coastguard has recently laid down a number of these big cruising cutters specially strengthened against ice for service around Greenland and Iceland

ONE OF THE FINE BIG DESTROYERS OF THE U.S. NAVY: These are vessels of over 2,000 tons which are capable of steaming 8,000 miles at 15 knots. In patrol work a high degree of organisation and co-ordination is called for as one vessel takes over the "beat" of another

A HEAVY 10,000-TON CRUISER: Armed with nine 8-in. guns and with a speed of 32 knots, these cruisers are able to maintain patrols in the roughest weather. The United States has the biggest fleet of this type of war vessel in the world

REYKJAVIK, THE ICELANDIC CAPITAL, is a very considerable town of nearly 20,000 inhabitants

the island's finances, it is a modern well-built and prosperous city with a very high standard of culture. Reykjavik stands on the Kollafiord, an opening on the south-west side of the island. Most of its houses are built of wood, but many of them are of considerable size and importance.

Before the present war, Iceland's destinies were linked to those of Denmark. On the German occupation of the latter country, however, British forces were landed in Iceland; it is now announced that troops from the United States are to occupy the island

THE ISLANDS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC

Which Figure Largely in all Schemes of Defence by the United States

GUANTANAMO BAY, IN CUBA, A NAVAL STATION TAKEN OVER BY THE U.S. IN 1901 : The United States has always exercised a great influence over Cuba, and in 1901 she established a Naval Station at Guantanamo. Since then she has maintained a coaling station there, hospital ships and a number of torpedo craft. With the continuing Axis threat to the Western Hemisphere and the Panama Canal zone, this Station is now assuming a greater importance. Its relation to the general strategy of the Atlantic is indicated in the map on the preceding page

THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA, OFF THE SPANISH AND AFRICAN COASTS : Here is another Portuguese-owned island which occupies a strategic position—and a vulnerable one—in the North Atlantic. Within close proximity to both the Spanish and African coasts—the islands are only some 440 miles west of Mogador, on the Moroccan coast, and 670 miles south-west of Lisbon—Madeira might figure prominently in any struggle in the Atlantic. Madeira itself is 35 miles long and 12 miles wide. Funchal, its capital (seen above), is backed up by a range of mist-covered mountains : these are of volcanic nature and traverse the island, their lateral ridges forming deep gorges and ending in precipitous cliffs 1,000 ft. to 2,000 ft. high

THE HIGHLY IMPORTANT AZORES GROUP IN MID-ATLANTIC : Owned by Portugal, this group is now being heavily reinforced by detachments of soldiers from Europe. Its importance is fully known to the United States, who are greatly concerned lest the islands should come under the control of the Axis. When this picture was taken on the Island of St. Miguel in the year 1935 it was being visited by a number of German workers on holiday !

Madeira—another view of the anchorages and harbour at Funchal, the island's capital, known to thousands of pre-war tourists

LYING JUST OFF THE AFRICAN COAST—Two views of the island of Teneriffe, in the Canary Islands : Dakar lies to the south ; Tangier and Gibraltar to the north. The group is only some 60 miles off the African coast and the islands are owned by Spain. From Guantanamo, on the other side of the Atlantic, is a distance of 3,000 miles ; but the main danger from the Canaries—were they to fall under enemy domination—would be as bases for commerce raiders and submarines and other hostile craft

The BEAUFORT WHICH TORPEDOED a POCKET BATTLESHIP

These pictures show the four members of the crew of the Beaufort torpedo-bomber which recently successfully torpedoed a German battleship off the coast of Norway. The pilot, Flight Sergeant R. H. Loveitt, has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Medal for the exploit; his colleagues (also seen in the pictures reproduced here) include the wireless operator, air gunner, and navigator (who comes from Canada). The Beaufort operated by this team has been called *Wreck* and her name is painted proudly on the fuselage. Loaded up with its deadly torpedo, *Wreck* together with other Beaufort aircraft, took part in the attack on the *Lutzow* (formerly the *Deutschland*) or her sister pocket-battleship, the *Admiral Scheer*, on June 13. She scored a direct hit on the battleship. On its nose *Wreck* now displays a picture of the pocket-battleship, underneath that of the Heinkel 115 float plane which Sergeant Loveitt and his men shot down in March last when it attempted to attack a British convoy

FLIGHT SERGEANT R. H. LOVEITT AND HIS CREW watching the ground staff load a torpedo into *Wreck*

The pilot looks at the picture of the pocket-battleship on the fuselage beneath his other "prize," a Heinkel float plane

THE BEAUFORT'S CREW OF FOUR: Flight Sergeant Loveitt, the pilot, is on the left; the air gunner is on his left

The Beaufort is one of the many highly successful types now being operated by the Coastal Command of the R.A.F. Made by the famous Bristol Aeroplane Company, this aircraft is now in full-scale production in this country; in 1939 it was also chosen for production in Australia for the requirements of the Commonwealth and of the R.A.F. in the Middle and Far East.

The Beaufort is a twin-engined high-performance monoplane, which fulfils the functions of a bomber, general reconnaissance, and general purposes landplane. It is fitted with two Bristol "Taurus" engines: these are fourteen-cylinder engines, of sleeve-valve, radial, design

***On left*—How the torpedo is loaded into the Beaufort: the doors of the bomb-compartment are here seen open**

OTHER THINGS THAN WAR . . .

The Stately Homes of England: With Notes on Library Wastage, and on Racing Men in Wartime

PACKWOOD AND THE NATIONAL TRUST.—One more stately home of England has gone the way which we must wish them to go, now that they can no longer be kept up as family homes. Packwood House, Warwickshire, has been handed over to the National Trust by Mr. Baron Ash with its 100 acres and an endowment for upkeep of £30,000. The gift to the public is a memorial to the donor's parents who did much to restore and beautify this old house.

It was the home of the Fetherston family, of whom I think the Martyr, Richard Fetherston, tutor to Queen Mary Tudor, was a member. This martyr was chaplain to Queen Catherine of Aragon and refused to acknowledge as illegal Henry VIII.'s marriage to her. He was hanged at Smithfield in 1540. The house was built in Henry's reign, small and half-timbered, and was greatly enlarged and embellished in Charles II.'s reign, whence date also its famous yew—and formal gardens.

Inside it has the graceful features (in small) of such palaces as Knole and Hatfield, notably its great gallery. Its setting has all the peace, grace and beauty associated with Tudor Houses, especially in Warwickshire.

The National Trust, of course, cannot accept such gifts, as trustees for the public, without a substantial endowment. For even in peace, and when open to the public as a place of mental recreation the takings could not possibly pay for the upkeep and the N.T.'s revenues are strictly limited and fully mortgaged.

But this war has only underlined what for years had become more and more obvious—the vital importance of preserving for the nation and locality as many as possible of these stately homes of our remoter ancestors who lived in more spacious and graceful days.

Lord Curzon saw the need and made an example with Montacute, near Yeovil, the huge and magnificent home of the Phelips family. Many others have followed suit. It is the fit and necessary end, when the families can no longer support such great houses as private residences; of Knole and Hatfield, and their peers. It would have been essentially the fit end of Holland House, London's own manor house, if Nazi brutality had left it more than a shell.

If at present such supremely important preservation can only be achieved by the private generosity of owners, it may be, it must be, that after the War the State will contribute to such preservations of what remains of our heritage of grace and beauty, for the public welfare, and will give a preferential option (as under the French scheme) to the owner-family to live on as tenants in their old home, then shared by the general public.

It will be a crime if the scandal of the end of the eighteenth century be repeated, and if from stringent economic (rather than the then purely selfish) reasons the owners of lovely country houses leave them to moulder away in neglect and to decay.

Library Wastage.—I reckon that in peace or war the wastage of a private library of books (i.e., an uncatalogued, unsupervised collection of all sorts of reading matter) is immensely high. I should say that in houses where guests are constantly entertained, or in those which are let annually for a short period, as many as 20 per cent. of the books might disappear without trace in a decade. Every private book-lover and owner knows what guests are capable of, just as every London Club-librarian knows what the most distinguished members are capable of, in the way of "unconsciously filching" books. In every Pall Mall Club there is usually a current list of twenty "stolen" volumes (mostly novels from the circulating library).

And every book owner knows what housemaids can achieve in the way of havoc in a library. They usually put the books back upside down, and numbered volumes are always transposed. If you are just writing-off as a total loss a volume dear to you, remember the housemaid and search *behind* the books on the shelf where it stood. Housemaids are adepts also at that form of hide-and-seek in a library. The books you lose are not all trash or popular novels. Some of your casualties are by no means caviare to the general, and those which only *you* can value are very often in the list of missing.

It is true that the old leather-bound volumes of the Bishop of Clermont's sermons, the History of Port-Royal (in twelve vols)., the Discourses on Tropical Diseases, and *Traits of the Irish Peasantry* (1804, in eight vols.) *never* die, never disappear, but gather dust and shed their leather on your shelves generation after generation. But who was it who stole my private favourites which I imagined no eye but mine would wish to look at again? There was an admirable English translation in verse of *Cyrano de Bergerac*; Vol. VI. of a tiny leather-bound pocket Shakespeare printed in 1869; a large and authoritative treatise on ceramics; an enormous volume on Ancient Greece, published by Murray in the '80's; one volume of Buckle's Disraeli; one volume of an old peerage; the poetical works of Crabbe; Gil Blas (Vol. I). . . .

I could understand, and even forgive, the theft of *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* or even of *Dodo* or *Sir Charles Danvers*, but who the devil was moved to remove those lost volumes I have named, too heavy in one way or another for the average reader? It is a great mystery, this Library wastage.

Probably the children take them to press their *hortus siccus*. Certainly I never had a housemaid interested in ancient Greece or even Shakespeare, which I imagined would be as safe from her depredations as Massillon's Moral Reflections or those Tropical Diseases.

An English Breed.—I am always puzzled by the controversy about the continuation of racing in war-time. The point which chiefly puzzles me is whether it is considered by the Authorities that the horse-breeding industry or the patrons of the Turf or the working class would suffer most if racing were to be totally stopped. When I read the arguments of a Labour Minister for a limited continuation of racing, it seems clear to me that the Government could cheerfully contemplate overriding the horse-breeding interests and would not shrink from flouting the racing owners and fraternity but does not dare to snatch from the workers one of their absorbing passions and recreations. Which is a curious anomaly, if you study the vast mass of literature which has grown up concerning the Turf. For most of this literature has for its heroes the star patrons of the Turf, that extraordinary breed Englishman of the privilege class who from the time of Charles II. down to the Great War 1914 devoted their often signal abilities not to the dull service of their country but to the prosecution of field sports and to the gambling side of racing. They were at various times known as "Bucks," Corinthians, "Legs," and so on.

The chief heroes of this literature were doubtless "Squire" Osbaldeston, George Payne, George Bentinck, Admiral Rous, with "Gully" Wilson, Lord Glasgow and so forth among small fry, right down to Henry Chaplin who was, perhaps exceptionally, justly labelled at his death the last of the breed. When *he* died, wars had begun to affect the nations as a whole and not merely the armies engaged.

This Turf literature, in starring these "heroes" of the Turf, the table, the Ring, and the Hunting-field, in smacking its lips over their criminal excesses, their follies and foibles and extravagances, in glorifying the crass and selfish waste of their opportunities for service, did no service to the sport of racing, did nothing to stress its national value. If it were not that gambling (and therefore racing) is ingrained in the British character, and especially in the working-class character, the Literature of Racing would, by its very particularity, utterly condemn racing in war-time. In truth, the horse, and not its owner and backer, is the real hero of racing, and that fact alone justifies racing in war-time. Not the most elastic Socialist Minister could justify it on a reading of Turf History, which is so largely a monstrous record of monstrous selfishness and folly, nor yet by a reading of the character of the British working man. For the first standard is patently false measure and the second is mere truckling to human frailty.

Turf literature has, in short, done a power of harm. It has kept alive a national hypocrisy, typically British. It has always featured the "romance" and concealed the brass-tacks of racing. It has lowered racing in the eyes of thinking men by starring the man and neglecting the horse in its gallery of heroes, and it has tarred with its brush a number of racing patrons who were not so black as "romance" painted them—notably Bentinck, Rous and Chaplin, all men of ability, who only partially wasted their talents and managed to do much for their counties and country during their long addiction to the Turf and the hunting field.

J. G.

THE TAMING OF AN "UNTAMEABLE" FEN: Feltwell was a 6,000-acre wilderness of peat and bog which, up to the outbreak of the war, had defeated the efforts of many pioneering farmers to reclaim the land. At last, however, it has been tamed under a scheme of the Ministry of Agriculture. Good headway has been made in clearing the weeds and draining the land, and to overcome the labour difficulty the women of Feltwell offered their services and have lent a hand in any work required of them. A twenty-mile stretch of railway has been laid down and serves the transport needs of the farmers and of a local sugar-beet factory

MR. R. S. HUDSON, MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, during a recent visit to Feltwell Fen, boards the footplate of the "Bread and Butter" express during the ceremony of breaking the tape

A ROYAL PARTY at the PALACE

And Pictures from the United States, Spain and Japan

A ROYAL PARTY: The King and Queen entertain our Royal Allies and the chiefs of Allied Governments in London at Buckingham Palace

On left—

The King and Queen have just given a historic party at Buckingham Palace, not the slightest detail of which was allowed to be revealed beforehand—as a safeguard against an attempt at air-raid attack by the enemy. As is well known, the Palace has already suffered at the hands of Nazi bombers. At the party all the Royalties who have been forced from their countries and have become our allies were present, together with numerous other royal personages and 200 other distinguished guests, including M. Maisky, the Russian Ambassador. This picture, taken during the course of the afternoon, shows the following: from left to right: H.M. the King; behind him Queen Marie of Yugoslavia; Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands; Mme. Benes; King Peter of Yugoslavia; H.M. the Queen; Dr. Benes, President of Czechoslovakia; King Haakon of Norway; and M. Raczkiewicz, President of Poland

AS THE UNITED STATES PAUSED TO PLEDGE NATIONAL UNITY: This was the scene in Times Square, New York, as the American nation paused for a moment in its race to Preparedness to stage an unprecedented demonstration of National Unity in commemoration of the 165th anniversary of its Independence. President Roosevelt marked the occasion with a world-wide broadcast from his residence at Hyde Park, in the course of which he pledged the work, the will, and—if necessary—the lives of Americans, to preserve the principles of Liberty

"JAPAN-SOVIET CORDIALITY IN TOKYO": So runs the Japanese caption on this picture, just received in London. The picture was taken on May 20, only a short while before Germany's assault on Russia. It shows the scene at the official residence of Mr. Matsuoka, the former Foreign Minister, following the exchange of ratifications of the Japan-Soviet Neutrality Treaty. Mr. Matsuoka is at the microphone and the Soviet Ambassador, M. Smetanin, is standing on the right in front. Japanese and Soviet officials are in the background

THE SPANIARDS VOLUNTEER FOR THE WAR AGAINST RUSSIA: These two pictures come from Madrid. Both show how members of the Phalange "answered the call for volunteers to fight Russia." Most of the men above are stated to be "veterans of the civil war": they are waiting before the School of Medicine in the university City of Madrid while officials examine their records to decide which shall be chosen as members of the "Division Azul" to go to Germany to help the Nazis. It is reported that many Italians have volunteered in the same fashion

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

WAR BOOKS and the PARIS THAT WAS

Göring Gets It Wrong Again ; The Empire at War ; A "Lucky" Australian Ship ; A Woman Reporter's War ; Modigliani, Kiki, Picasso and the Rest

IF we are to believe the words of the bemedalled Göring, (in this case there can be no reason to doubt them), the Germans on entering this war made one of their habitual miscalculations. "Never again," said Göring, "will Dominion troops fight a war for England."

The earliest answer to this idiotic prophecy was provided by Southern Rhodesian aircraft who, at the very moment when Mr. Neville Chamberlain was making his fateful speech on September 3, 1939, were already on their way to East Africa to relieve units of the Royal Air Force. On the following day, September 4, aircraft of the Bomber Command took off and set a course for the North Sea. Two hours later they were over Wilhelmshaven. "They proceeded singly down those well-mapped Schilling Roads. A German warship was loading stores from a tender at stern. German washing was clearly visible upon a homely line. All three aircraft of the flight converged upon the ship at once. They flew at a hundred feet above mast height and the leader swept lengthwise down the ship, while the others approached from either side. Little men on the grey decks scurried to gun stations. The aircraft flashed past, and, as they momentarily had the ship in bomb-sights, released their full cargo. It slanted down and struck the ship with a high explosion."

Among these bomber crews were Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, and an officer from Eire. The navigator of the leading plane was a Canadian.

In WAR FOR BRITAIN (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d. net), Mr. Donald Cowie tells the story of the Empire at war. "There were a good many superficial reasons for the wishful thinkers in Germany and nearer home to say that the British Empire would not unitedly enter, let alone survive, another war." The great Dominions lost no time in providing an answer to this typical piece of German bombast and, as Mr. Cowie's record unfolds, it can be seen how not only the nations within the Commonwealth, but the Colonial Empire arose to defy the Nazi aggressor, and poured out men, ships, material, treasure and foodstuffs in the common cause.

Never in its history has this free association of peoples calling itself the British Empire demonstrated a greater solidarity or greater determination to present a common front to the enemy. Mr. Cowie, who is himself a New Zealander, presents a well-documented and intensely readable record of the activities of the whole Empire in this struggle. Mr. Cowie's survey ends before he was able to deal in full measure with the part which Dominion and Indian troops have played in the campaign in the Western Desert, in the Middle East, in Somaliland and in Abyssinia. There will be much material for another volume as comprehensive and valuable as this one.

Significantly, there also appears at this time another book which tells the story of the part which naval units of Australia and New Zealand have played in some of the most famous actions and operations of the Royal Navy. In LIONESS OF THE SEAS (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), Mr. George H. Johnston has written a thrilling book on the record of the service of H.M.A.S. *Sydney* with the British Mediterranean Fleet. He reveals that the *Sydney* has been what the Navy call a lucky ship. More than sixty times she has been heavily attacked from the air, and at least eight times the Italians have claimed her as a total loss, yet she returned to her home port not having suffered one single death in battle.

She fought the first cruiser duel of the war, when she sank the crack Italian cruiser, *Bartolomeo Colleoni*. She was the first British ship to shell an Italian colony (Bardia) and the first to open fire in the bombardment of the Dodecanese. She ran the Straits of Otranto to wreak havoc among the Italian supply ships in the Adriatic, and at the same time to draw the enemy off while the Fleet Air Arm was to make its famous attack at Taranto. She was in action at Oran and Calabria and off Cape Spada.

THE FIRE-WATCH HAS NOW BEEN EXTENDED TO THE FARMS : After their day's work in the fields, these farm workers are now taking their turn at fire-watching. They have a car loaded with milk-churns which contain the water necessary for the stirrup-pumps. The man on the left has brought along one of his home comforts, in the form of a favourite armchair !

In all the famous fleet actions in the Mediterranean this lioness of the seas has had a share. Mr. Johnston tells his story vividly and with an abundance of detail, thanks to the collaboration of the Australian Naval Board. Incidentally, one of the best things in it is the record of the heroic stand made in the North Atlantic by Captain Fogarty Fegen of the *Jervis Bay*.

The opening words of WOMEN AND CHILDREN LAST, by Hilde Marchant (Gollancz. 6s.), are, "I never liked London." She came from Yorkshire at the age of nineteen, and confesses that after four years' work in the metropolis as a woman reporter covering murder trials, royal weddings, the abdication and all that sort of thing, "I was just beginning to see the virtues of provincial life."

She became a star reporter, and saw something of the siege of Madrid at first hand, and by the time she got to Finland was a fairly seasoned variety of what in the old days used to be called a war correspondent. After a few brief opening words on the marked indifference of Londoners to discontented and hungry men from the north camping in Hyde Park, she plunges straight into an account of an aeroplane journey to Bad Godesborg to cover the meeting between Mr. Chamberlain and Hitler. It is a dramatic piece of reporting, as is her account of Mr. Chamberlain's return, getting out of the machine and walking with confidence to a microphone and beginning, "I have in my hand a piece of paper . . ." Miss Marchant noted that it was raining and that the signatures on that piece of paper were running.

Then there was the evacuation of the London children : the first sirens ; the first raids ; the interview with a party of Englishwomen who had been released from a Nazi gaol ; Dover during the Dunkirk evacuation ; Dover, watching some of the dog-fights of the Battle of Britain being fought out.

Then came the blitzing of London. "They knew how to behave," that chapter begins, and Miss Marchant goes on to discover the "fine, robust, active spirit of Elizabeth's time" in London's streets. She talks to Australians, to Americans ; she sees women and children dying, and her story ends with a quotation from Vanzetti. It is all very efficient reporting.

For the reader who seeks respite from war in the summing-up of the remembrances of things past, ARTIST QUARTER (Faber and Faber, 18s.), by Charles Douglas, will be a welcome relaxation. It is true that war does obtrude into these pages, but only as an incident in the lives of those assorted characters who made artistic history in Montmartre and Montparnasse in the years between 1904 and 1920. At the date when Mr. Douglas opens his story the Butte of Montmartre was the cultural hub of Europe. Picasso had just arrived, and Fredé was presiding over the famous Lapin à Gill. Among those to be found there were also Warnod, Roland Dorgelès, Utrillo, Vaillant, Ollin, Marie Laurencin, Maurice Allé, Foujita, Jean Rictus, Zavier Privas—and Modigliani.

The Cubists, the Futurists, the Dadaists and the precursers of Surrealism fought out their café battles and migrated in due course to Montparnasse.

In the new venue and in the post-war era other notorious characters arose, notably the models Aicha and Kiki, Pascin, Gertrude Stein, Nina Hamnett, Max Jacob, Apollonaire, Simone and Zborowski. These become characters in a narrative which takes on an intimate note in the story of Modigliani, who died of drink, drugs and consumption in 1920.

In a sense this book is a biography of Modigliani, whose personality and the record of whose life in Paris dominates the story. In life he was a legend, and a legend without which no account of the Quartier Latin could be complete. In death he became "the founder of one of the most prosperous business concerns in post-war Europe. The quarter of Montparnasse in Paris exists upon his legend. The youth of all nations who, by some accident of adolescence, adopt the apparatus and accoutrements of art, instead of those of what happens to be their national sport, are lured thither by his sorry phantom."

I wonder whether that legend can survive its eclipse or ever regain its potency.

The Australian who sailed a small boat alone from Crete to North Africa : This man was one of the party of 500 members of the Australian Forces who made their escape across the mountains of Crete from Retimo when the last point of resistance on the island was overcome by the Germans. A signaller, this Australian soldier sailed a 16-ft. open boat from the south coast of Crete to the North African coast near Sidi Barrani. After the Germans had made prisoners of most of the remnants of his battalion, he, with three others, obtained a small boat ; on the eve of their departure, however, his companions were captured. He found a ragged, rotting sail and set off alone at 2 a.m. Five miles offshore he became becalmed and put back, but every time he got near a sandy beach the Germans fired at him. After six such attempts he gave it up and again headed for sea. A pocket knife stuck into the deck was his only compass. "When the sun made a long fine blade I knew I was going south," he said. He was machine-gunned by the Germans from an enemy plane : two days later he ran into a heavy wind, and when ten miles off the African coast the boat fell to pieces. Using a two-gallon water tin as a support, he swam ashore to the west of Mersah Matruh. All he lived on was ration chocolate dropped by British planes and two gallons of water. Soon after landing on the African coast, a photographer met him, and the Australian demonstrated (as above) how he had managed to keep afloat for the last ten miles

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THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

I AM often asked "Where, with your knowledge of England, would you like to live best?" A general sort of enquiry to which I can but give the reply, "I would like to live everywhere." Not that I wish to be a perpetual nomad, for, like most people who have not yet found their ideal, I dream about the small house I will have one day, with its old-world garden, its views, and the sunshine pouring in (it never rains, of course, in dream cottages!).

But the fact is that Britain is so full of perfect spots that I "fall" for every county I enter, and now I am in love with that England which embraces Hereford, Shropshire and Worcestershire.

I am in love with the black and white houses, the verdant valleys, with the black and white cows munching in the meadows. The forest-clad hills, and the bare contour of the distant mountains, and, above all, the unspoiltness and the peacefulness of this leisured world. There are various vantage grounds from which one can set forth to view this land of promise, and one such is Church Stretton, which by 'bus and rail service serves a wide area.

When I visited this capital of "little Switzerland" the other day I found that, owing to war conditions, a number of her hotels were no longer available.

The only hotel of importance open is *The* Hotel, in the town itself, and it was on this occasion I learnt from Mr. Dennis Copeland, its resident proprietor, the correct derivation of the unusual title. The original house was established prior to 1587, and it was then known as the Rose and Crown. Later the Rose faded out, and it became known as the Crown. Then as years rolled on, it being the only hotel of importance, though there were a number of public houses, it became generally known as the Church Stretton Hotel, and with the fondness of locals for an abbreviation was referred to as Th'otel—*The* Hotel.

So *The* Hotel is not a title of presumption as the stranger might be led to think; in fact, I do not think one could find any person less presumptuous than Mr. Dennis Copeland and his family, who have now owned and personally "run" *The* Hotel for a number of years. There is a family touch about *The* Hotel, Church Stretton. Prior to the war Mr. Copeland's two sons (now flying with the R.A.F.) actively helped in the hotel. But the rest of the family, with a diminished staff, carry on; as does the family tradition of thoroughness. Though one cannot look for perfection in wartime, I am convinced one could be very comfortable at *The* Hotel, if one was fortunate enough to be able to get in. One thing you can be assured of: resident visitors have priority over "chance trade." In fact, Mr. Copeland has a notice at the front door to the effect that he has no grill room or restaurant, and there is very little possibility of securing a chance meal. Of *The* Hotel itself, my impressions were: some lovely furniture, Welsh dressers, refectory tables, interesting prints. A sun lounge, bright in all weathers, a peaceful and picturesque garden beyond, and in it a bowling green which has provided years of pleasure.

A bye-pass around Church Stretton had been opened without ceremony the day of my visit, and I nearly missed *The* Hotel in consequence. I am glad, though, I turned off into the town, for I have pledged myself that *The* Hotel shall be my headquarters for *the* holiday, after the war.

Shropshire is an extensive county, and to cover its northern sector, with diversions into Cheshire and Staffordshire, the Hawkstone Park Hotel at Weston-under-Redcastle is the obvious headquarters for thereabouts. The only danger is that one might stay there and never go beyond the grounds, for there is a host of attractions within sight of the front door. Fluttering flags and the smell of newly-cut fairways are ever a lure to the golfer, and one's first inclination, even if one has not handled a club for years, is to be out and about on that eighteen-hole Hawkstone course which has such a national reputation for excellence. But golf is not by any manner of means the only lure. There is a lake which provides lazy boating and fishing. Walks to the right, left and centre. Caves and a grotto to be explored; a tower to be climbed and, if sheer laziness prevails, the hotel gardens which provide both ornamental and utilitarian attractions.

In the last twelve months the Hawkstone Park Hotel has altered for the better—considerably. At one time it was principally a dormy house for the adjoining golf course, but since Mr. S. R. Smith purchased the property, the hotel has assumed a more definite residential aspect.

For anyone who does not hanker for the chemist and the library next door, and who appreciates the joy of a place amidst peaceful country surrounds, Hawkstone Park is well worth considering for wartime residence.

Because a high standard of catering and comfort is maintained, the terms are not less than 6 guineas a week but, judging from the constant demand for accommodation and the fact that it is usually necessary to book some time ahead, the value is there. . . . And if need be, worth waiting for.

Of Leintwardine I wrote last week, but that should most certainly be your southern base for a detailed exploration of not only southern Shropshire, but Hereford and the neighbourhood.

Leintwardine, Bucknell, Shropshire, is the postal address, though Hereford claims her for the purposes of local authority. Here I would repeat there is an excellent small hotel, The Lion, as well as Hightrees, a country house hotel about a quarter of a mile from the village on the Ludlow side.

For those who would select other bases the old-world Feathers at Ludlow is still open. The Plume of Feathers at Leominster, several hotels in Shrewsbury, as well as the small and charming Mytton and Mermaid at Atcham, two miles outside Shrewsbury on the Holyhead road.

Shropshire, too, seems to be full of those smaller inns which come under the banner of the P.H.R.A. It is a sign which stands for satisfaction for those who are appreciative of simple surroundings. Three, four or six bedrooms are indicative of their usual size, though there are some which offer larger accommodation, such as the Craven Arms on the main Hereford-Shrewsbury road.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

"Dickie," just ten years old, has lost both his mother and father. Relatives do not want to befriend him to the extent of taking him into their homes, and so, in this big wide world, was there any home to open its doors? Yes—this Society. "Dickie" wants to be a sailor, but he is not old enough, and so is at one of the Boys' Homes until old enough to be transferred. Such work is only made possible by the constant support of voluntary contributions. Will you share in this great work and send a contribution? Address it to: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, and "Thank You."

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42 Years Later

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